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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CRITICAL COMMENT

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL T. CLOVER, Editor R. O. FOOTE, Associate

WHAT SWAMPED THE "HYDRO-ELECTRICS"

HERE is great jubilation among the gallant members of the Grand Old Party in California because of the discomfiture dealt last Tuesday to the twenty-six "hydro-electrics" that aspired to go to Chicago as representative Republicans. We have it on good authority that when the returns were telephoned by long distance wire to the publisher of the Times he began to recite the Doxology in so virile a voice that his trained nurse immediately began casting about for a new billet, assured that the General's convalescence was complete. The vote, all things considered, marks the political passing of Governor Johnson since it was generally understood that the hydro-electrics were favorably disposed to his personal ambitions. Evidently, the Progressives in the state resented the attempt of the governor to ride both horses. With a straight out Progressive ticket nominated his influence was projected about the "United" Republicans to which ticket he gave his approval. It was a double play they could not indorse, hence their desertion of his banner in sufficient numbers to accomplish the defeat of the ticket. The outcome should be of particular interest to Mr. Willis H. Booth, prominent candidate for the United States senate to succeed Judge Works, who sees a formidable rival shorn of much of his prestige by Tuesday's results. As for the twenty-six "regulars," they go to Chicago unpledged, but if the New York bosses in control of the convention say "Teddy," then Teddy will get California's solid vote, bitter as the dose will be to not a few of the delegation.

TASK FOR THE RECORDING ANGEL

COMMENTING on the recent death of George W. Peck, governor of Wisconsin for two terms a generation ago, a contemporary observes that Peck achieved national fame as a writer of humorous tales, his best-known book being "Peck's Bad Boy." We would amend by substituting "national obloquy" and Peck's "worst" book, for a more unsavory young scalawag never nosed into print. We are not unmindful of the Latin proverb which admonishes never to speak ill of the dead, but when the great harm wrought by the Peck atrocity is recalled it is difficult to refrain from indulging in asperities of language toward the author. It is hard enough, heaven knows, for parents to train their boys aright and when their precepts are derided week after week in a widely-read "family" paper, with young hopefuls eagerly awaiting the ribald aids to moral depravity the temptation to asperse the responsible publisher is overpowering. However, that was a duty that did not wait on the author's death. The excoriations he earned were paid with marked liberality years ago. Doubtless, Governor Peck lived to regret his wretched contributions to juvenile "literature." But the recording angel has much to expunge.

BRIEF SURVEY OF LAND GRANT DISPUTE

BY reversing Judge Wolverton, who held that the Southern Pacific Railway had forfeited title to certain lands in Oregon and California, through failure to adhere strictly to the terms of the grant, the United States supreme court decided that the company is the absolute owner of the property in controversy, subject only to the restriction hereinafter set forth. In a compact statement, admirable for its brevity and succinctness, President Sproule of the defendant railway briefs the charges and the company's position. Judge Wolverton's contention was that the company having sold

the lands with the timber thereon in larger parcels than 160 acres, and to persons not active settlers, and at prices exceeding \$2.50 an acre, had forfeited its title to all the lands unsold. This view the upper court rejected but declared that when the company elected to part with its holdings it must sell them to actual settlers in accordance with the terms stated by the lower court. President Sproule shows that after receiving the grant the railway did its best to dispose of the lands in the manner specified and sold substantially all of the acreage that was suitable for settlement at the stipulated price. The remainder, not being arable, did not invite settlers to take possession. Later, the company sold the timber lands in larger tracts than the 160 acres and at prices exceeding \$2.50 an acre. It was these sales that were made the foundation of a claim on the part of the government to recover title which, approved by Judge Wolverton, was reversed by the United States supreme court. The company is insistent that as absolute owner of the timber lands, with no obligations to sell them, in fact, the nature of the lands prohibiting compliance with the restrictions of the grant, it has the right of any other owner to dispose of the timber on those lands, just as it would dispose of any other crop produced thereon, at the same time admitting that when it comes to the sale of the land itself it must do it under the terms of the grant. The cutting of the timber from these lands is, in fact, a step toward making them fit for settlement. This view the government opposes, although the act of congress granting the land implies that the road shall be maintained, which clearly gives it a right to use of the timber for fuel, ties and for construction purposes. The company was also authorized to take timber from government sections adjacent and from lands excepted from the grant by reason of being mineral. If the government's position is correct, instead of aiding the construction of the railroad, the grant would turn out to be a detriment since the company has netted thus far an average revenue for the lands sold of only \$1.51 an acre, while it is obligated to carry free for the government in perpetuity its mails, troops, munitions of war and public stores over the railroad so constructed, between Portland and the Oregon and California state line. On the score of equity the company would seem to be well within its rights in the position it has assumed, and as law is supposed to be for the conservation of rights, there would seem to be no reason why the government should deny to the company that right which in a similar transaction between private individuals would never be in question.

NIPPONESE JUSTLY INDIGNANT

WITH such persistency do the rumors recur about Japan's alleged pernicious activity in seeking to acquire the Philippines, and in other directions going counter to American interests, that the impression grows that a secret enemy is striving to stir up strife between the two countries to serve a sinister purpose. Evidently, the intent is to create in the United States widespread distrust of the Japanese and so prejudice their cause that fair treatment of them will be of difficult attainment. It is a dastardly trick and the newspapers that are made the medium for the dissemination of the gangrened statements are in mighty poor business, for the after effects may prove costly to the United States. We believe that Japan is sincere in asserting her friendship for America and that she is desirous of continuing upon that plane; but we cannot blame her for regarding as an affront the provision in the pending immigration bill which proposes to enact into a law the so-called gentleman's agreement restricting the immigration of Japanese laborers. Ever since the personal pact made between former Ambassador Takahira and former Secretary of State Root went into effect the Japanese government has faithfully kept its pledge, as the immigration statistics and the census show and as The Graphic has several times revealed in discussing the subject. It is rank folly for this country deliberately to affront the Japanese nation and that the administration will seek to retrieve what has become a delicate situation is a decision as wise as it is just. Japan is a proud nation and deservedly so. That her subjects should receive treatment other than that accorded any alien nation enjoying treaty rights with us were manifestly invidious. We shall hope to find

congress so amending the obnoxious provision in the pending bill as to satisfy the perturbed spirit of the Nippon nation.

MILITARY TRAINING CAMPS FAVORED

JUDGING from the spirit evinced in California, as reflected by the press of the state, the training camp at Monterey this summer promises to be well attended by business and professional men under fifty years of age. The purpose of these military training camps, is to help properly qualified men to fill the great deficiency in officers and non-commissioned officers that would immediately arise in case of national emergency, by giving them four weeks of intensive military instruction in the field under regular officers, and with troops of the regular army. Also, to foster a patriotic spirit and spread among the citizens of the country a knowledge of military history, military policy and military needs. In addition, the camps will seek to instill in four weeks of healthy outdoor life the habits of obedience, discipline, command and self-control that are the prerequisites of efficiency in every business or profession, and to send men back from the camps better prepared to take care of themselves and others. The camp at Monterey will extend from July 10 to August 5 inclusive; all equipment is loaned by the government. Officers of the regular army will serve as instructors and the citizen enrollment will be formed into companies of infantry, commanded by regular army officers. Judging from the success attending the citizens military training camp at Plattsburg, New York, last summer, there should be fully as good results accruing from the camps at Monterey, American Lake, Washington; and Fort Douglas, Utah, constituting the western department of the United States army. Los Angeles and Pasadena citizens, in mercantile and professional life are evincing great interest in the Monterey camp and the attendance from this section is likely to be large. It is a healthy sign.

ANYTHING BUT MANLY

NEARLY every American of any prominence, it is comforting to note, is standing with the President, regardless of party ties, in his effort to preserve for all time the rights of neutrals on the high seas, in periods of war, and, above all, to the adherence of belligerents to accepted methods of warfare, compatible with humanitarian principles. There is one discordant note, however, sounded by the minority leader on the floor of the house, Representative James R. Mann of Illinois. He is quoted as saying, "It is perfectly evident that the President as a campaign political dodge is trying to work up to a point where he can get us into a war with Germany during a presidential campaign." We believe with the Chicago Evening Post that, "To disagree with the President or criticize the wisdom of his act is one thing; to discredit publicly the purity of his motives in the face of a foreign foe comes perilously near that old-fashioned offense known as treachery to the United States." Mr. Mann has been in the public service a long time—at least twenty years—hence his ill-timed and insulting speech is the more inexcusable. Every self-respecting newspaper in Chicago should hold Mann to account for his dishonorable and disloyal accusation. He is in contempt of all fair-minded citizens.

VERDUN AND GETTYSBURG CORRELATIONS

FACTS about our Civil War are not without value in estimating probabilities of the outcome of the present European struggle. But the elimination of personal prejudices and beliefs in forming such conclusions is undoubtedly as impossible now as then. It is suggested that the present German attack on Verdun can be correlated with the Gettysburg campaign. All historical and military students now agree that the Confederacy was definitely a lost cause after Lee failed to obtain a decided success there. Yet more than a year later the Democratic party in the north fought the presidential election campaign on the contention that the war was a failure, and the only thing to do was to let the south go its own way. As the opinion of the ablest foreign minister this country has known, what John Hay wrote to Henry Adams about Emperor William, at the time of the Morocco imbroglio, is in-

teresting just now: "I see your friend, the Kaiser, has at last taken the scalp of Delcasse; he will be after mine next. He has evidently done it out of sheer wantonness to let people know there is a God in Israel. Spring-Rice turned up in London yesterday. He says he does not think the Kaiser means or wishes war with France. He wants merely to insult her publicly by way of notifying her that if she does not want him to do it again she had better make friends with him." What luminous rays John Hay could spread by the use of a few witty remarks!

ALLIES LIKELY TO DELAY OFFENSIVE

By Cyril H. Bretherton

SEVERAL thrilling things have happened since I last wrote The Graphic. Verdun, the new budget, the torpedoing of the "Sussex," and so forth. It is impossible to view the Verdun struggle as anything but a defeat for the Germans. The essence of a successful "push" is to carry forward a certain distance in a certain time. If you go so slowly that the enemy has time to accumulate reserves and ammunition behind his slowly-retiring lines and to take up new defensive positions, you are simply wasting your men at the rate of about 3 to 1. The ill success of the Germans at Verdun may cause the Allies to modify their plans for the 1916 campaign, which contemplates precisely the same kind of "push" at one or more points of the western front.

They can hardly expect to bring a heavier artillery fire to bear on the enemy positions in the initial stages of the attack than did the Germans at Verdun. The only advantage they will have is in the matter of numbers. The German line in the west is rather lightly held so far as men are concerned and an attack at two or three different points might result in one being carried through the enemy's failing to get reinforcements. It is generally believed that a "push" to be of any real consequence will have to be on a front of not less than twenty miles and that an advance of at least ten miles will have to be made in the first few hours. My own belief is that the Allies will not make any attack on a large scale before September and that then a simultaneous attack will be made on all three fronts.

It is when he bangs his money bags on the table that John Bull cuts his most formidable figure, and the proposed £500,000,000 budget is certainly a most awe-inspiring affair. Yet there is absolutely no complaint or suggestion that the burden cannot be borne with comparative ease. In comparison with this kind of financial legislation, Dr. Helferich's arrangements look extremely shaky. John Bull provides for payment out of taxes of all interest on war loans and for an £80,000,000 surplus to boot. Germany pays the interest on all previous loans by a new loan. Only £25,000,000 of new taxation has been raised as against more than £300,000,000 by Great Britain. There is still no attempt to tax incomes below £130, which means that the wage earners do not feel the burden of the war except through the higher cost of living which in most cases is offset by higher wages.

But although Germany is faced with bankruptcy after the war, her ability to carry it on is not going to be impaired by the fact that she is "broke." She has enough gold for her needs and the remainder is merely a question of printing pieces of paper and calling them money. The overthrow of the German armies in the field is the only thing that will give the Allies a decisive victory. That they can and I believe, will, achieve in course of time, because Germany's resources in men are limited. But it will not be for a long time yet.

Torpedoing of the Sussex and the consequent loss of American lives have caused a mild interest here—not in the possibility of America's doing anything, which no one expects—but as to what subterfuge President "Willsoon" will have recourse to in order to avoid doing anything drastic. The British government does not want the United States in the war as a belligerent and will not allow English papers to "pick on" President Wilson for his unwarlike attitude. But Americans can hardly be expected to refrain from action on that account. If they do not resent the way in which Germany has ultimately smacked and bamboozled them it is because they have been too—anything you like—to fight. At the present moment the submarine warfare is the only thing that causes me any anxiety. If Great Britain drags this war out long enough Germany will finally hand her a brand of undersea warfare that will really put her in a bad way. It may not be this time or next time but it will be some time. One can only hope that the war will not last that long.

From what I hear from friends in Mesopotamia, the expedition has constituted the most remarkable monument of stupidity and inefficiency as yet furnished by the war office—and that is saying a good deal. And I have no doubt that whether or not Townsend is relieved—it still looks doubtful—public opinion will enforce a real inquiry and a real dismissal of those responsible.

I look for a bill to be passed conscripting the younger classes of married men. Asquith has declared against it but the people want it and the only alternative open to the prime minister—resignation—is entirely outside his contemplation.

We are having beautiful spring weather now and when it is fine in England in April there is nothing—even in Los Angeles—to equal it. Unfortunately, it never lasts. We were ordered to prepare to go to camp last week but the order was first postponed then cancelled. Everything is ordered and "washed out" four times in the army before it is finally done.

* * *

I have just finished reading a book of Patrick McGills', "The Rat Pit." He is not exactly a product of the war but is fighting in Flanders and writes the best war stories that are appearing now. He was a navvy and his first book, "The Children of the Dead End," is almost biography. He is a most powerful though rather morbid writer and his books suggest to an extent the

famous "No 5 John Street" of Whiting and "Comrade Yetta" of Albert Edwards, except that they have a more intimate touch, being the work of a participant in rather than an observer of the matters recorded. I particularly recommend the "Rat Pit" to your pacifist readers, if you have any, as depicting the kind of thing that makes wars necessary and desirable. Another young poet of promise, Tisdal, has been killed. I have not been able to get anything of his yet. When I do I will send it to you.

I went to a "movie" theater the other night. (They call them "cinema houses" over here). It was interesting to see the surf and the eucalyptus trees and the foothills again even though obscured in the foreground by the customary "tripe" that the Hebrew-Thespian soul seems to swallow in.

London, April 20, 1916.

Watchers

I watch the Eastern sky
For a sign of dawn
Long delayed.
Such stillness is around,
That every separate sense
Is twice-attuned, twice-powerful,
And loneliness enwraps me like a sea
Into whose unplumbed depths I must go down:
A sea unsatisfied,
Where drifting shapes, wan-eyed,
Reach forth wan arms
Toward them who pause to look at their own souls
Mirrored upon the sea.

Somewhere a loon
Sends forth its weary cry across the dark.
Oh wailing bird, I know, I know!
I think tonight the soul of the world is desolate
And you and I its watchers.

Yet cease! oh cease!
The night air quivers and resounds
To bear your cry across the sleeping lake,
And I would have your silence
While I make
My own complaint.

For I would ask why we who have so little space
To live and love and wonder
Must go down into eternal mystery
Alone.
And I would know
Why, since that awful loneliness must be,
We go about as strangers here on earth
And meet and laugh and mock
And part again
With never a look into each others' eyes
With never a question of each others' pain.

So, even as I hear your melancholy plaint
Across the sleeping lake,
I send my questing cry across the world;
And as I watch and listen,
Through the stillness
There come to me an echoing and a far reverberation
Of the many who have gone
Into the limitless mystery,
And thus they speak:—
"We, too, have known your questing,
We, too, have stretched our arms forth to the night
And clasped its nothingness;
We too have lived and loved and wondered
For a little space
And then gone onward,
And we seek across the silence
To send our voices
Out, out, across the dark."

Is it your voice I hear, oh far, strange bird,
Or is it theirs—
Theirs who have gone onward
Alone and unafraid?
Is there an answer I may sometime find,
Or is it that our lips are dumb,
Our eyes are blind,
When love would come?

Now faint light comes upon the shadowy sky,
The east is waking and the day begins.
You send your cry across the quivering lake,
I send my question out across the world,
We watch, we two,
Alone.

—MARY ALDIS

Song of Life

There's a song in each life that we all must sing—
A wordless song with a world-old air;
It runs the gamut from joy to care;
And, oh! how its cadences surge and ring!

'Tis a song of hope, and a song of grief,
And a song of mingled pleasure and pain,
Of sunshine and shadow, drought and rain,
Of the past and future, and time, their thief.

From childhood's verge to the open grave
It trills and lilted and swells and rolls,
Now light as the music of happy souls,
Now heavy as hell, now a madman's rave.

It rings a paean, a burst of praise,
Glad, free and joyous, filled with hope,
Then narrows itself to the devil's scope
And mourns of sin and the length of days.

'Tis a song of laughter, a song of tears,
A song of all that is best and worst—
Man in God's image, and man accurst—
The song of eternity's mundane years.

—W. H. ANDERSON

NEW SHADOW STAGE PALACE

By Randolph Bartlett

UNIQUE among theaters is the new Rialto which has just opened on the site of the historic vaudeville house, the Victoria, formerly owned by Oscar Hammerstein, and from present appearances the Rialto will prove quite as efficient a mint as the Hammerstein enterprise. It deserves to. It is not merely comfortable, efficient, beautiful—it is esthetic. And it is dedicated to motion pictures. In fact it is so arranged that it never can be used for anything but motion pictures—a definite proof that men with thousands upon thousands of dollars to invest in a play house, located in the exact center of New York's theatrical life—on Times Square—are convinced that the pictures have come to stay.

The thing that lingers most prominently in the memory is the orchestra. The ordinary theater orchestra, when it is not a bore, is a torture. The one at the Rialto is an unalloyed delight. Realizing that the front rows are practically unsalable in a motion picture house, the proprietors have set aside a great oval section for a huge orchestra. To give an idea of its dimensions, there are eight first violins. The usual allowance in a theater is two. Also there is a harp, a grand piano, and an organ—the latter something of a super-instrument in which, the veracious press agent informs us, the largest pipe is capable of admitting a fat man to make repairs, and the smallest no larger than a lead pencil.

But mere figures and numbers, in spite of the fact that music is based upon mathematics, do not make music. This orchestra does make music. It is the fourth best orchestra I have ever heard—Boston Symphony, New York Philharmonic, Russian Symphony, Rialto—with all due respect to the Los Angeles symphony, excellent as that body is. There is a homogeneity, a polarity of tone, that not even the lightest and most popular selections, demanded in the nature of things by certain of the pictures, can quite conceal.

Next, one recalls the truly artistic arrangement and decoration of the interior. The color scheme is maroon and grey, with a dome of bluish hue. The stage is a modified idea of a Greek temple. There are three arches, the central one being for the motion picture screen proper. At each side of this are arches of the same size, from out of the curtains of which, between pictures, there appear singers and dancers. All three arches are equipped with heavy hangings of maroon material, apparently velour. There is a narrow platform in front of the three openings, in a semi-circular form, as the side arches slant forward from the central one.

One of the cleverest effects of the opening week was furnished by two young girls. At a certain pause in the entertainment, the side curtains were drawn back, revealing these girls, one on each side, garbed in filmy Grecian costumes. The orchestra struck up a light dance measure, and they rose and met in the central part of the narrow stage. After a few simple and graceful evolutions, one of the girls approached the central arch, the curtains of which were still closed. She peeped in, and became quite excited, motioning to her companion to come and look. The other joined her, and they manifested the greatest glee. Then they scampered off, and the central curtains were drawn back, while the projecting machine began a series of Venice travelogues, so lovely and picturesque as quite to justify all the preliminary to-do.

Another clever idea came in the course of the Pathé weekly. An animated cartoon showed a basket of large eggs at the right, resting upon a line with a signpost pointing to the left, marked "Road to Success." Enter a rabbit (it was Easter week) who rolled one of the eggs down upon the line. The egg cracked, and out stepped the fluffiest of white chickens, labeled "Rialto," and boldly and without hesitating started out in the direction indicated by the signpost, "Road to Success." One does not need to be the seventh son of a seventh son to predict confidently that the prophecy will be fulfilled. For this is only one of the indications of intelligence at the Rialto, too numerous to catalogue here, and if intelligence does not purchase success, who wants to succeed?

* * *

(Believing that both sides of every question ought to have a hearing, I have interviewed various notable gents who are opposed to motion pictures and in favor of any and every kind of censorship, and present their views herewith.)

MR. ARTHUR HENBANE: Editor of the New York Evening Shriek: Motion pictures should be abolished because they play upon the ignorance and depravity of the masses, thereby invading my own private field of operations. This is unfair competition. Some people go so far as to say that the ignorant and depraved masses are actually becoming intelligent and enlightened through seeing motion picture plays, which would be a staggering calamity, especially to the Shriek. Therefore I say "Down with the Movies!" The only movie I ever saw was one showing the owner of the Shriek addressing the Boy Scouts.

MR. WILLIAM JANUS O'BRIEN: Statesman and orator: I am opposed to moving pictures upon public and private grounds. I understand that war views are often shown in the films, and this is wrong. The people should not be permitted to know that there is any such thing as war. My private objection is that the attendance at my Chautauqua lectures is not half what it was ten years ago.

PROF. DRYASDUST: Noted educator: Motion pictures are of no value because they cannot be used in demonstrating the evolution of philosophical thought from Plato to Bergson, which is the only thing of importance in the world.

MESSRS. STARVEM & CHEATEM: Well-known manufacturers: We favor the abolition of moving pictures because they are undermining the industries of this country, by showing the working people how we handle them.

REV. SAMUEL SNIFFLES: The great reformer of

everything: Motion pictures are the crying evil of the age because they teach people to think for themselves about wrongdoing. People should not be permitted to think for themselves. That is what I am here for, to do their thinking for them. I will tell them what is right and what is wrong, and what they should do about it. Nothing should be reformed until I decide that it is necessary. I invented reform. The great mistake I made was in not having reform patented. I permit the people to pay me to tell them that drunkenness and crime are bad for them, and I do not need any assistance. What is the country coming to, if people go ahead and see these things for themselves? And where is my salary to come from? That is what I should like to know.

ALGERNON PERCIVAL SISSYCUSS: The discoverer of the wrist watch: Motion pictures are brutal—perfectly brutal! Why, just the other afternoon I saw one in which two men engaged in a brawl—a perfect brawl! They actually struck each other with their clenched hands! It was awful—perfectly awful! If I had not had my smelling salts I should have fainted. I know I should. I shan't recover from the shock to my sensitive nervous system for weeks. Dear me, no!

ALFRED TENNYSON SMITH: Poet and novelist: Motion pictures are a menace to literature. None of the greatest writers ever saw a motion picture in their lives. If Homer, and Dante, and Shakespeare, and Victor Hugo, and all the other great authors never saw moving pictures, it is obvious that nobody should. Balzac never mentions motion pictures in any of his great novels, and they deal with LIFE. Therefore there can be nothing of value to life or literature in motion pictures.

MRS. SNOBBLEIGH GRUNDY: The famous society leader: I have no objection to battle pictures and that sort of thing, don't you know, but they should prohibit the manufacture of films which cause the lower classes to think that high society is not all that it might be. It is quite terrible, when you come to think of it. Why, I have actually heard of a moving picture in which the villainess was a woman of the very best breeding and culshaw. The effect of such things on the vulgar horde is dreadfully pernicious, don't you know. What are we going to do if our very best people are not respected by the vulgar horde? Mercy no, I never go to see the awful things myself, but I am told they are simply dreadful.

HJKLAKJH SKJHAKLAKHJ: The highbrow dramatist: If the motion picture is not suppressed the theater is doomed. These films do not lend themselves to the expression of the essentially esoteric fundamentals of the human synthesis toward which all dramatic art must be directed. They are too simple and direct. The artist must never reveal his meaning to the audience, but only suggest it in vague and elusive phrases. These motion pictures are getting people into the unesthetic habit of going to the theater to see something they can understand.

GUS M'GIRK: The prominent bartender: Dey gotta cut out dese here movies or I gotta get a new job. It's too long between drinks. A guy comes in, laps up a schooner, goes to de movies, an' den home to de hay. Same guy useta hang on de brass rail till de closing bell rang. It's hell, dats what it is, it's hell—the way my best customers is wastin' dere time an' cush.

New York, May 1, 1916.

Honors for Dean Kress

When the Medical Society of California recently elected Dr. George H. Kress as its president it conferred an honor not alone upon that distinguished physician, but, likewise, upon itself by making so wise a selection. Dr. Kress is dean of the Los Angeles Medical Department of the State University of California and, aside from his high standing in his profession, is exceedingly popular, personally. This honor which has come to him is all the greater in that, in all the sixty years existence of the Medical Society there have been, owing to the formerly smaller population of Southern California, less than ten physicians and surgeons from this section who have been given the presidency. The list includes Dr. Joseph P. Widney, a former president of the University of Southern California and founder of the Los Angeles College of Medicine of that institution, Dr. Walter Lindley, Dr. W. LeMoine Wills, Dr. H. Bert Ellis, Dr. W. W. Beckett and Dr. Fitch C. E. Mattison. The Medical Society of California, by the way, was founded in 1856 and now has, I am told, a membership of three thousand practitioners.

Give the Umpire a Chance

One of my esteemed base ball fan subscribers (Oh, yes, even among these I have a gratifying following despite the fact that The Graphic carries no baseball department) sends me this plea which should, apparently, have gone to the Society for the Suppression of Useless Noises: "I have intended for a long while to ask you to protest against the raucus shouting and screeching by the hot-dog men, the peanut vendors, the soda-pop dispensers, the cigar distributors, the lemonade peddlers and others of like sort who make the afternoons at Washington Park almost unbearable. Now the effete east has beaten me to it. In the Busch Stadium, where Mr. McGraw's New York hired men and others play ball, the refreshment boss has issued an order prohibiting his men shouting. A clipping I inclose (from the New York Times) asserts that the venders in this park have several of the loudest voices in captivity. It is evident that the writer thereof never passed an afternoon in Washington Park. It would not be so bad if these pests would only vociferate one at a time; but they seem to take malicious pleasure in congregating together in one spot and letting loose in chorus, with the most painful results. Then they move on to an adjacent section, collect again and repeat their vocal selection." Will the obliging gentleman who supervises the Washington Park huskies confer an everlasting favor on the local baseball enthusiasts? I promise him the Iron Cross.

Shakespeare

After the birth of two sisters
He arrived.
His parents thought there never was such a boy.
They had waited twice before for him.

And now in a cradle that rocked
On quaint rockers
He snuggled,
Making soft sucking noises—
Alive and theirs!

In the sunshine of peaceful days
He grew to a boy,
Wading golden streams,
And while he was pulling the girls' hair,
And making mud pies,
He listened to stories, of what went on in London
Before his time;
King Hal's penchant for wives,
The loves of the poor ladies,
Their intrigues and their hates.
Of Edward, that weak sister!
And the unspeakable deeds
Of Bloody Mary.
Those were stirring tales
For an impressionable boy!

He loved and courted and married—
Anne Hathaway was her name.
Little is known of their life.
They went to housekeeping in Avon.
He wrote to keep the pot boiling,
For, the children came—
Two daughters and a son,
The son he lived to bury,
And he had experienced most there is.

He left home,
(It was hard for Anne)
To go up to London.
The theatres drew him irresistibly.
So, before their doors
He held horses
During the performance.

And all the world came to the show,
An ever moving pageant
Of silken gowns, jewels and brocades;
The young Elizabeth
And lovely Mary of the Scots,
Politicians and their henchmen,
Playwrights eternally disagreeing and dreaming;
Loud women,
Sports and rakes,
Beggars and street urchins.
The street gossip filled his ears;
While he waited,
With the velvet muzzle of a horse
Against his cheek,
He found out
That all the world's a stage.

Then he joined some traveling players—
Lord Leicester engaged him.
When plays were given him
He corrected and made them better.
Ben Jonson wrote for him,
But, even those they say,
He changed a bit.
He played tragedy with Alleyn
And comedy with Kemp and Pope.
Then, he began to produce his own plays,
Mocked and made light of by Greene,
In competition with Marlowe, Kyd, Lylly, Peele
And the rest.
But he was on the job
To keep the supply of bread
From running low
In a small family at Avon;
And always his vision—
All the world's a stage.

And his plays became the thing.
They were put on at all the best theaters;
And Elizabeth's court came
To laugh and weep, to wonder—
Sometimes to rage.
But, he wrote on
Putting his world into sonnets, verse and plays,
Stories that will never grow old;
The littleness of kings,
Also their greatness.
The agony of the traitor,
The inefficiency of poverty and hate,
The love of a son for a wronged father
And the madness of revenge.
He wrote jests, vulgar horse-play,
And pure comedy.
He had mighty sympathy and tenderness
With lovers and beauty.
Through his mercy and pity,
Through the supreme majesty of simplicity,
He has left us—
The world on the stage.

When he grew old
He retired to Avon,
To live quietly and retrospect;
Wondering a little, perhaps,
How far his candle flame
Would light a naughty world.
Until Death came,
Making him
Deathless.

—PAULINE B. BARRINGTON

How's this for sleight-of-hand in the grocery business? "It is charged that persons asking for the goods of the plaintiff company are often sold as a substitution for what is known as purified middlings." It would seem as though it would be rather difficult to induce one customer to purchase another as a purified middling even to sweeten the cream of a joke no matter if he did like cream on his wheat.

GOSSIP FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

NEVER was there such a pothole about raising money in this city of generous subscribers as there has been in collecting the comparatively paltry sum of \$30,000 to save the Palace of Fine Arts from the hands of the wreckers. When San Francisco won from Congress the honor of celebrating the opening of the Panama Canal, her citizens subscribed \$5,000,000 in less than an hour for the Exposition. And yet in two months only half the sum required to secure the perpetuation of the most beautiful of the Exposition's buildings could be scraped together. Perhaps the prevalent conviction that the building would be saved anyhow or somehow tightened purse strings. For weeks the Examiner lavished columns and pages on the situation, and still subscribers were few and coy. Then Mr. Hearst's bright young men organized a monster theatrical benefit which netted some \$3,000, and a similar sum was raised from the students' ball in the California Building last Saturday night. But the necessary fund is still \$8,000 shy, and the Exposition authorities have given two weeks' grace for the collection of the remainder.

Although it does not appear to be a very propitious season for harvesting subscriptions, the Young Women's Christian Association has just started a campaign to raise \$350,000 in ten days to build a downtown home for its members. However, more than a thousand zealous workers have taken the job in hand, and are confident of success. The truth is that the calls upon the purse of the habitual subscriber have been too incessant recently, and he feels he has earned a respite.

Eugene E. Schmitz has no intention to permit us to forget his unsavory memory. Under the provisions of the charter, former mayors are granted the courtesy of a seat with the board of supervisors. Schmitz has been availing himself of this privilege, but only once has he burdened the proceedings with a speech. He has, however, been accumulating ammunition which he is now ready to explode. Within a week, as soon as the law allows, he intends to start a campaign for the recall of Mayor Ralph whom he accuses of all manner of misdemeanors in office, of none of which the public is cognizant. The father of the Schmitz Non-Partisan Alliance claims he is backed by "thousands of indignant citizens." It would all be a joke, simply significant of Schmitz' exaggerated ego, if it were not for the fact that people still suffer themselves to sign almost any petition presented to them rather than take the trouble to examine its contents, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that Schmitz and his agents may secure sufficient signatures to start recall proceedings. The only interesting mystery about Schmitz is the source of his sinews of war. Long ago his private fortune had disappeared in unfortunate speculation. It would be instructive to know who can be supplying funds for such a hopeless scheme as the political resurrection of Gene Schmitz.

Ram Chandra, of whom Eleanor Maddock wrote in last week's Graphic, is at present a resident of San Francisco, engaged in editing the "Hindustan Gadar," which has been described by a British official as "the most dangerous of all revolutionary publications." Whether any of the recent uprisings in India were hatched in this city or not, Chandra has recently received the photographs of five of the California Hindus who went to India since the outbreak of the war and who have been executed for sedition. Among them was Kanshi Ram, who had been engaged in the contracting business in Oregon and who had contributed \$11,000 to Chandra's paper. Chandra claims that another of the Hindus was hanged simply because he was one of the chief supporters of the Hindustan Gadar. It does not appear, however, that the local British consulate has ever been much perturbed by the activities of Chandra.

Rudolph Spreckels has returned from a tour in the East which he undertook, he says, to examine the causes for the recent spread of "militarism." His investigations leave him convinced that it is all due to the machinations of the ammunition ring, composed of greedy and selfish money-grubbers. It is not so long ago that Spreckels accepted a word of commendation from Colonel Roosevelt as a guarantee of impeccability, but Spreckels now alludes with scorn to the "heroic mouthings" of the Oyster Bay warrior. Spreckels can see no hope for the country unless it is to be found in the patriotic convictions of Henry Ford and in his "clean dollars," ready to be sacrificed in supporting those convictions. Apparently, Spreckels is willing to venture a few of his own dollars for the pleasure of seeing his name coupled with that of Ford on a far-fetched presidential ticket.

Last week we had both a horse show and a display of high-bred dogs. The former was principally a society event and, at that, did not amount to much, many horsemen and high lights in society being busy at the San Mateo polo tournament. Mrs. Anita Baldwin was one of the chief exhibitors at the dog show, but her famous English bull, White Knight, which had cleaned the board at Seattle, was once more the subject of heated controversy. The Anoakia kennels captured the blue ribbons among the Airedales, and Mrs. Baldwin also took away prizes for her old English sheep dogs.

Mrs. Seward A. Simons threw a bombshell into the ranks of the San Francisco delegates at last week's sessions of the California Women's Club Federation at Del Monte, when in discussing a resolution referring to the redlight abatement act allusion was made to the "wickedness of San Francisco." One rather unfortunate retort was that this city was made the dumping ground of objectionable characters from Los Angeles, but Miss Jennie Partridge and Dr. Mariana Bertola made so successful defense of San Francisco's good name that the resolution was tabled.

R. H. C.

San Francisco, May 3.



Realization and Expression

By Marguerite Wilkinson



WHETHER we realize it or not, most of us are living lives that are rich in varied experience. Textures and colors and scents, sound and flavor and movement contribute to our knowledge of life and to our sense of its reality in every waking hour of every day. And our moods, stimulated by trivial incident or great circumstance, range from petty irritation and pygmy pleasure to "great gold sorrows" and profound joys. To realize all phases of experience vividly—more vividly than the remainder of us can realize them, is the first function of the poet, and, to this end, he is endowed by nature with unusual sensitiveness of body and mind, a sensitiveness that sometimes makes him seem a bit absurd to his more practical fellow creatures, for his fingers reach more than theirs, his eyes see clearer and farther, he suffers more poignantly and enjoys with more abandon. But he deserves no credit for his endowment—it is only a birthright like curly hair or beautiful eyes—a gift that the gods have nonchalantly bestowed upon him.

But realization is only a part of being a poet. The other function of the poet is expression. He must seek a vehicle that will convey back to the world a sense of what is most intimately interesting to him. He must so use words that his speech shall sublimate for us the experience which we know more crudely. And the ability to do this must be learned. A man is not a disciplined artist before he can lisp, a master of speech while still a suckling. Indeed there is so much that can be learned about the giving forth of one's gift of realization that the world's master poets have often dedicated the full devotion of their days to the learning, content if a few times in a life time their work seemed perfectly done. They have felt that poetry is an art worthy of this devotion. And indeed, if it be less than that is it worthy of the consideration of the people, as we have chosen to suppose?

Now there is a well known couplet by Pope about the acquisition of skill in writing, to the effect that it does not come by chance, but is learned as one learns easy and graceful movement in dancing—we all remember it. And Pope's couplet simply means that the poet does not and cannot express his realization perfectly unless he has taught himself his own craft and perfected his own individual technique.

To talk of technique is to run the risk of being misunderstood, for to many persons the word savors of all that is hard and dry and spiritless and academic and remote from poetry. For poetry is not of the schools and cannot be taught by the schools. But what is the derivation of the word technique and what does it really mean? It comes from an old Greek root that meant "art," and that word, in turn, was derived from another that signified "to weave." A poet's technique, then, is his way of weaving the tissue of experience into patterns that shall be more or less permanent, and valuable in the degree in which they are art. And in such measure as the technique is strong and fine, in that degree is the realization given.

Of what does a poet's technique consist and how is it to be learned? The question needs a longer answer than this page can permit. The poet must understand words for they are his tools. In so far as he fails to understand a word in just so far will his expression be imperfect and his gift to other minds veiled and obscure. He must know more than the accurate prose definition of a word. He must be able to feel the quality of its sound. He must know its powers of suggestion and association, and, if possible, something of its origin and long history. He must know what words have been mated together for centuries in his language and the several tempers of their offspring. He must know why other words are close kindred and yet be able to sense the difference between them. He must feel the difference between "maternity," say, and "motherhood," between "interminable" and "endless" and know when each will serve his purpose. To this understanding and feeling for words a course of study in school or college can be only an index finger pointing the way. The poet must go further and feel deeper than any such course.

And the poet must learn many rhythms, the rhythms of falling water and flying birds and chirruping insects and blowing grain and skipping, hopping, tripping little children, the rhythms of the several kinds of human laughter, of moving crowds, of great machines. One of the most musical of American lyric poets claims that she is helped by the rhythms of railroad trains as she travels about in them.

Verily the life is short and the craft long to learn. But it is the joy of the true poet that all his life he can be learning, that he need never shut the doors of heart and mind and say, "I have had enough." And it is this that keeps the true poet always humble and simple, ready to help any fellow poet traveling on the highway of dreams made proud by the masters of "the order of Seanchan."

* * *

Superlatives lose force when they are used often and lavishly. It is better that a critic show how a thing is good than that he should name it best among a dozen, or twenty, or a hundred, and then, next year, name something else best among a dozen, or twenty, or a hundred. And yet Wilfred Wilson Gibson tempts me to use that word "best." I should like to call his collection of war poems in "Battle and Other Poems," published by Macmillan, the best war poetry I have

seen. But instead I may say that he seems to have realized war more vividly and to have dealt with the theme more truly and vitally than any other poet whose war poetry I have read. He shows the ugly actualities of war rudely and strongly. The spiritual quality of the thing as it affects men is powerfully felt in a language as nude as a sword, as plain as the plainest folk who speak it. Take, for example, "The Joke:"

He'd even have his joke
While we were sitting tight,
And so he needs must poke
His silly head in sight
To whisper some new jest
Chortling, but as he spoke
A rifle cracked
And now God knows when I shall hear the rest!

And there is this one, "The Father:"

That was his sort.
It didn't matter
What we were at
But he must chatter
Of this and that
His little son
Had said and done:
Till, as he told
The fiftieth time
Without a change
How three-year-old
Prattled a rhyme,
They got the range
And cut him short.

There is something more satisfying about this sharp, clean brevity in dealing with the supreme tragedy of our times—the great war—than we can find in the versified heroics of many who have tried to sing the same theme. "Arms and the man" can never again have its old glamour for the poet who is spiritually mature. The stubborn unloveliness of war is what he must sing in his anguish.

In this same volume are a number of dramatic poems written in 1906, poems written for Rupert Brooke, a friend of Gibson, and several of interesting sonnets from which we may quote later.

* * *

In the current issue of The Little Review, a plea is made for a fair hearing for Amy Lowell and a strong statement with reference to the value of her work. Miss Lowell has been lecturing in Chicago and even those who do not like her poetry seem to have found her delightful and interesting as speaker and reader. And all fair-minded folk must concede that she is making brilliant word pictures for us even if they will grant her nothing more. Here is one of her picture poems from the current issue of The Trimmed Lamp:

Impressionist Picture of a Garden

Give me sunlight cupped in a paint brush,
And smear the red of peonies
Over my garden.
Splash blue upon it,
The hard blue of Canterbury bells,
Paling through larkspur
Into heliotrope,
To wash away among forget-me-nots.
Dip red again to mix a purple,
And lay on pointed flares of lilac against bright green
Streak yellow for nasturtiums and marsh marigolds
And flame it up to orange for my lilies.
Now dot it so—and so—along an edge
Of Iceland poppies.
Swirl it a bit, and faintly,
That is honeysuckle.
Now put a band of brutal, bleeding crimson,
And tail it off to pink, to give the roses.
And while you're loaded up with pink,
Just blotch about that bed of phlox.
Fill up with cobalt and dash in a sky
As hot and heavy as you can make it;
Then tree-green pulled up into that
Gives a fine jolt of color.
Strain it out,
And melt your twigs into the cobalt sky.
Toss on some Chinese white to flash the clouds,
And trust the sunlight you've got in your paint.
There is the picture.

Eleanor Rogers Cox' "The Singing Fires of Erin," published by John Lane Company, is a book of metrically musical verse dealing with the old Irish legends and romances. The stories of Angus Og, of Cuchulain, of Diarmuid and Grainne and many others made familiar to us by the recent Celtic revival are re-echoed in this volume. The verse forms are quite conventional and the poems seem to me to lack something of the flavor of the quaint Irish admixture of pathos and humor which we have come to associate with poetry of this type and on these themes. There are a few mannerisms—the frequent repetition of the word "flame" as a symbol and a reality, the use of stock poetry words and phrases instead of the simple folk speech that would make the poems more intimate and sweet. But the book is not without beauty and musical lines. Here are the two first stanzas of "Cuchulain's Wooing":

Great-limbed and swift and beautiful
Past any dream he came to her
From Emain Macha through a land
For gladness of the spring astir.

And on the flutes of morning blown,
Strong joy that took for breath no pause,
The song of breeze and stream and bird,
The herald of his coming was.

This book is recommended to lovers of conventional poetry and of old tales out of Erin's past.

* * *

Carl Sandburg, the socialist poet of Chicago who called that city "the hog butcher of the world" has written a group of Chicago poems which have just appeared in book form. He explains the difference between modern Chicago poets and Dante in this way, although he knows, doubtless, that there are other differences and other ways of explaining them. Says Mr. Sandburg: "He (Dante) wrote a lot about hell and never saw the place. We're writing a lot about 'Chi' after looking the town over."

* * *

There are persons who still cling to the superstition

that poetry is something which can be produced by anyone in a sentimental mood, that it just comes, out of the circumambient ether. I once heard Edwin Markham remark in a lecture that when it came that way it might better be returned whence it came. A young Chicago poet who had published considerable verse once sojourned for a time in a little northwestern town. When she settled down to comfort and rest in the hotel she was waylaid by an elderly woman who had heard she was a poet and wished to read her all her own creations. The latter was a dear, sweet, sensible gentlewoman, and the young poet listened a long time rather than hurt her feelings. But when she had heard more about "modest shrinking violets" than was comfortable she excused herself and went away to pay a call. In an hour she returned and found the would-be authoress still waiting for her in the hotel lobby. "I wrote another for you," said she, "I just dashed it off while you were gone!"

* * *

"....and Other Poets" by Louis Untermeyer has just come to California. It is a collection of parodies of contemporary poetry cleverly and entertainingly written. The Little Review scolds Mr. Untermeyer for having written these parodies and out here in California we do not understand just why. Parodies are simply a kind of after school frolic with one's critical faculties and never hurt any literature except that which is not as good as the parody. Poets with a sense of humor, which is, being interpreted, a sense of proportion, should be willing to see even their own mannerisms caricatured occasionally by any critic who is ready to sympathize with their really excellent qualities. Positively will have to decide whether Mr. Untermeyer's parodies shall live as long or longer than the poetry they parody. Present day readers will be content to laugh over them, and they are amusing and well done.

Mr. Untermeyer is impartial and gives his attention to many poets representative of several schools. Masefield and Yeats and Masters, Amy Lowell, William Rose Benet, Sara Teasdale and Ezra Pound are among those present at his banquet of the bards. Since we have always shown a decided admiration for Vachel Lindsay's poetry we venture to quote from Mr. Untermeyer's parody of his work. Says Mr. Untermeyer, "Vachel Lindsay borrows a megaphone and chants 'The Glorious Fourth'."

(Very fast and explosively)

Bang!
And the dawn
Burst madly on
The world like a cosmic cannon cracker.
And the great cloud-pack
Began to crack
Like a stack of black and crackling lacquer,
Bang-bang-bang-BANG!
BANG!
The echoes crashed,
The echoes smashed,
The echoes flashed
And dashed abashed
Out of the city and never stopped,
And a thousand small boys gaily dropped
Paper torpedoes
Like outworn credos.
And under the tin-cans,
Sputtering within cans,
The fire-crackers pattered as they pop-pop-popped!
"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers;
"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers—
Bang-bang-bang-BANG!
POP"

Need we like Mr. Lindsay's poems a bit less because of this parody—and do we?

* * *

Gilbert Moyle has written "A Fantasy in Verse" entitled "The Tragedy" which is attractively published in booklet form by The Four Seas Company, the publishers of The Poetry Journal. The story of the fantasy is a woman's progress in life through childhood, girlhood, love, motherhood and into old age—the tragedy. Are we always to think of old age as a tragedy? A man who was nearly ninety years of age once told me that it was not essentially tragic to be old—that old age after a rich full life was meaningful and not without its own high joys. I have believed that man. Age seems tragic to youth, perhaps, because youth cannot understand it. There is much pretty sentiment in this little book.

* * *

In The Poetry Journal for March are several good lyrics by Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff. Here is the shortest, and perhaps the most perfect.

I sing with the wind,
I laugh with the sun,
I am the first star
When day is done.

I soar with the bird,
I pulse with the tree,
My soul is the cloud—
I love . . . I am free!

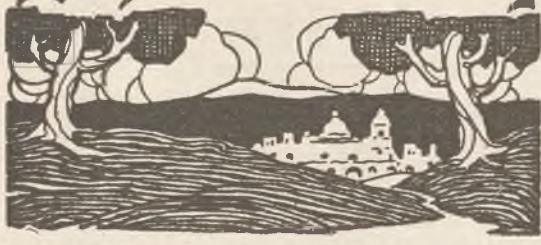
* * *

Mary Aldis, the well known Chicago poet who has contributed verse to The Graphic, has recently written a number of clever prose plays which have been grouped together in one volume and published by Duffield and Company. They were written for production in the Playhouse at Lake Forest, Ill., and should prove interesting to lovers of studies of contemporary life and to those who want new and desirable material for dramatic production. The book is called "Plays for Small Stages."

* * *

Genius is the great crowning noun of the language which no writer may safely assume for himself. The pontifical critic posterity bestows it upon a few in each generation of the past. They never know that they are kings and queens in an immortal kingdom—or do they?

By the Way



German Food and German Logic

It was a mild and, perhaps, justifiable revenge which Dr. George H. Kress took on his fellow members of the Scribes at the dinner he gave Tuesday evening. As I explained in this column last week the reason for Dr. Kress' dinner was that Verdun is still in the hands of the French. His guests came fortified for a dinner which was German in every course, from the introductory smoked herring to wienerwurst and sauerkraut, with sufficient of the beverage peculiar to, though not exclusive with the Teutonic races, but they were not prepared, also, for the German doctrine which their host dispensed to them through certain of his friends. In addition to practically the entire membership of the Scribes, Dr. Kress had at the affair Max Socha, editor of *Germania*, H. N. Potter, Ph.D., of Hollywood, formerly with the Westinghouse company and for ten years a member of the faculty of the University of Berlin, and Dr. E. Avery Newton, of the medical staff at Bad Nauheim for several years and now a resident of this city. Each of these gentlemen gave his views on Germany and things German. Quite a neat little idea, it seems to me, to supplement an attack on Anglo-Saxon stomachs with what may well be termed an aerial attack on Anglo-Saxon minds.

Gentler, But Equally Expressive

Speaking of the Scribes reminds me of an incident which happened many years ago to three of its members. George A. Dobinson, of cherished memory, Dick Chapman, who is my sprightly San Francisco correspondent, and Otheman Stevens were all engaged in morning newspaper work here and were accustomed to eat a midnight repast together. On one occasion they entered an all-night restaurant on Spring street. Presumably it was late in the week and far north from the last preceding pay day. Their waiter was a rough appearing individual who might have figured, later, in Tom McCarey's pork-and-bean prize fight brigade. Chapman and Stevens ordered egg sandwiches and coffee, but Dobinson, true to the land of his birth, expressed a desire for a roast beef sandwich. In due time the waiter returned with the orders and Dobinson discovered he had drawn a ham sandwich. He gently chided the serving person and insisted that his original order be filled. This arbitrary stand did not please the waiter, who made the state of his mind known without directly expressing himself. Presently he returned with the beef sandwich and, slamming it down on the table, ejaculated between clenched teeth, "Yer said 'am'!" Dobinson rolled his expressive eyes piously toward the ceiling and murmured, "How much better that was than calling me a d—n liar!"

Jess Dandy at the Play

Randolph Bartlett writes me from New York that Jess Dandy, erstwhile a familiar figure along Spring street, is as large, as dandy, and as prominent wherever he happens to be, as ever. Here is the tale, as Kipling might have said: "I went to see 'The Heart of Wetona' at the Lyceum last night, having been presented with my first pass to a New York theater by Mr. Schulberg, the clever and highly efficient (payment for pass) publicity representative of the Famous Players. I had just settled myself comfortably in my seat when I had to unseat myself to permit the arrival of a rotund person who, after a second glance, I discovered was Jess Dandy. The last time I saw this stout individual was in Levy's, where he was informing all persons present what an eternal and magnificent hatred he entertained for Walter Lawrence, husband of his former co-star, Frances Cameron. Last evening he was more placid. Shortly after the curtain rose upon the drama of the Indian damsel, Jess sneezed twice, wiped his chin, sank back into his seat, and to all appearances sunk into a profound slumber. A few minutes later basso profundo snores were heard. Jess was asleep, but the inference was unjust. In a few minutes an attendant assured those in my vicinity (near the rear of the orchestra) that the matron (colored) had fallen asleep in the women's cloak room, and had produced the noise. She did so twice more in the course of the evening, Jess having, in the course of his long theatrical career, seemingly mastered the science of silent slumber. He did awake, however, in time for the climax at the close of the second act, which alone gives the play excuse for existence and accounts for its popularity. But it would not have been the dear old Spring street Jess had he not made himself conspicuous."

Gurney Newlin Sets Good Example

I believe that the unexpectedly enthusiastic response to the call for volunteers for the Monterey citizens' military training camp, has been largely due to the excellent example set by Gurney Newlin and other prominent young men who, like this busy attorney, have not only found time to devote to preliminary organization work but who purpose giving a full month this summer to attendance at the camp. For Gurney, and, doubtless, for many others, taking this military training means a real sacrifice in dollars and cents in the time which must be given up to it. I hear that several men deeply interested in the camp are waiting anxiously to see what Gen. J. Franklin Bell, the United States Army officer who is to be in charge, will say when he reads the letter of F. S. B. Morse of Del

Monte offering the free use of the 16,000 acre tract upon which the encampment is to be held. Morse writes that there will be ample opportunity for swimming, golf, tennis and polo. My own idea and, I presume, that of Gen. Bell, is that the musket is to supplant the golf stick and tennis racket on this particular summer vacation.

Handsome Ranch Home of the Macombers

Local society folk will be interested to know that the A. Kingsley Macombers have emerged from the semi-retirement which they have maintained since they left Pasadena and Los Angeles to reside on their ranch—near Hollister, I believe it is—and are taking a most active part in the gaieties of the Burlingame set up north. I am told that the Macombers have recently had constructed on their ranch a complete eighteen hole golf course and their swimming pool is said to be one of the finest in the state. It is placed in the court of the handsome ranch house, which is built on Spanish lines, around an attractive patio. This patio is covered with glass of soft restful tints, making the plunge extremely picturesque, with palms and potted plants which give the impression of a real forest pool. "Rancho Paicines" is the name of the popular Macomber manor, the mistress of which is remembered in the south as the charming daughter of the late L. V. Harkness of Pasadena, a retired Standard Oil man who at one time was one of the most extensive property holders on exclusive South Orange Grove avenue.

Should Recall Old Days

It is time that the old legion of the Los Angeles newspapers held a little get-together meeting. To name just a few of them, as they occur to me and with no consideration as to alphabetical order or past or present greatness—Dr. Harry Brook, Austin Martin, Frank Oakley, Al Searl, Charlie Van Loan, Wilbur Hall, Frank Greaves, Allen Kelly, B. H. Smith (B standing for Bertha), Charlie Barton and probably a dozen others. They all live right here in Los Angeles and vicinity and all once worked on the Los Angeles daily papers but have been—shall I say graduated?—to other fields of human endeavor. Why would it not be a fine idea for all these former newspaper men to meet for a little dinner and an exchange of reminiscences of the old days? I would count it a privilege to be allowed to attend such an affair. To the list I should add Louis Vetter, who looks like a newspaper man anyway, Otheman Stevens, one of the old guard who has followed the shoemaker's adage, and, perhaps, one or two others. It would be a joyous occasion and the reminiscences and stories would be well worth hearing. Why doesn't one of the old boys start something?

Will Chapin's Busy Day

Any occasion of this kind would be incomplete if former Artist Chapin, once of the Times, were not there to relate how he "licked" one man, saw an editor "machete" another and was himself waylaid by an earnest bulldog, all in one short day. To hear Chapin tell the story is better than to listen to any vaudeville monologue I recall. Chapin is raising chickens—feathered variety—out at Alhambra nowadays and finds life less exciting than in the old days of his newspaper experience.

College Women's "Creative" Evenings

Young college women of the city, I discovered last Saturday evening at Cumnock Hall, have conceived a wonderfully happy idea for keeping student day memories bright in a club series of what they term "creative" evenings. An original playlet of merry quip and humor, a modernized version of "Charley's Aunt," called "His Sister's Friend" by Sybil Eliza Jones of the University of California, was presented by Misses Elsie Nutting, Carol Somerville Smith, Viola Nichols, Hanna Elise Biegert, Jessie Thacher Robertson, Genevieve Church Smith, Marion Alabaster and Mrs. Isabel Garretson Hart, representing Stanford, the Universities of California, Washington and Wisconsin, with Misses Lena Cooper and Nina Updyke of the Universities of Denver and Minnesota, respectively, as stage director and manager. Two young men, Messrs. Morris Ankrum and Oakley Ashdon, in the only masculine roles of the cast had a decidedly pleasant task, and three songs written by club members, "Summer Has Come Again," by Genevieve Church Smith, "Doan Yu Cry," by Sybil E. Jones, and "Poppy Lullaby," by Agnes E. Peterson, displayed talent along other lines. An afternoon tea and dancing in the evening gave the guests an opportunity to discover the social accomplishments, likewise, of the bevy of pretty hostesses.

Drama League Supports Power

Always alert to promote what it esteems to be the best interests of the drama in this community, the local branch of the Drama League of America, did not fail to recognize what an influence for good are the performances given by Tyrone Power and his talented associates at the Mason Opera House this week, and sent out letters urging attendance. I heartily agree with the sentiment which the league expresses as follows: "To the extent that we can give publicity to Mr. Power's work on this occasion, just so far can we counteract the influence of the bad things that are produced in our theaters."

Munificent Gift to County

That was a munificent gift which Allan Hancock, the public-spirited young capitalist, bestowed upon Los Angeles county this week. Intrinsically an estimate of \$100,000 was placed on the thirty-two acres which contain the internationally famous Rancho La Brea fossil pit, but this realty appraised at an approximate \$5,000 an acre, fails to cover the actual value of the generous gift, since the fossils themselves have a scientific worth of millions of dollars. Personally, I recall an earnest effort on the part of Andrew Carnegie and his associates to purchase this land with its world-famous fossil deposits, four or five years ago, when they found my friend Allan obdurate to any monetary offers that would mean the removal of these prehistoric mammals

from Los Angeles. Proffers from practically every famous institute of science in the world have met with similar rejections, although I believe Mr. Hancock arranged with Smithsonian Institute, when in the east recently, to exchange a few of the saber tooth tigers and other fossils of which he has many duplicates, for skeletons of which that institution has more than one. The acreage, I understand, is to be set aside as a park and in courtesy to the generous donor, will be named Hancock Park. In consideration of his gift Mr. Hancock stipulates that a monument setting forth the history of the fossil pit be erected in the park, perpetuating also the family name. The museum to be built for housing the fossils, I am told, will take its rank as the greatest in the country, not in size, perhaps, but in quality of its exhibits. All honor to Allan Hancock, whose civic pride has prompted him to bestow upon his city so invaluable a gift.

Discovers Talented Actress

My attention has been called by a Chicago friend, Mary Aldis, whose graceful verse readers of The Graphic are occasionally permitted to enjoy, to Marjorie Davis, the former shop-girl who is coming to Los Angeles to become an actress and who is to make her Los Angeles debut next week at the Burbank in "Raffles." Mrs. Aldis is credited by the Chicago papers with having discovered the latest Morosco recruit, who really was a shop girl, selling sweaters in the Marshall-Field store and studying dramas, evenings, reading them to herself and acting out the parts that appealed to her, even before she made her first appearance with an amateur dramatic club. Mrs. Aldis writes me, "She has undoubtedly great talent. I saw her first at a woman's club play, where, clad in her brother's clothes, which were much too large for her, and a strange black wig, she played a tragic part and actually 'put it over.' In behalf of budding genius I bespeak the attention of the Los Angeles theater-going public for Miss Marjorie Davis."

Greetings From Prime Ministers

Edmund Mitchell tells me that messages of greeting from all parts of the British Empire and from the allied nations will be read at the great British Empire Day celebration to be held in Shrine Auditorium the evening of May 24. For several months Mr. Mitchell has been engaged in a correspondence reaching to every corner of the world and his replies are coming in rapidly. Already greetings have been received by Prime Minister Asquith of Great Britain, Mr. Miouchyovitch, prime minister of Montenegro, Prime Minister Borden of Canada, Prime Minister Massey of New Zealand, Mr. Pearce, acting prime minister of Australia and from the governors of Jamaica, Trinidad and other West Indian British possessions. Net proceeds from the celebration are to be devoted to St. Dunstan's Hospital, London, for the soldiers and sailors blinded in the war. It is interesting to note that at the recent Trinity Auditorium concert the sale of tickets brought in a total sum of \$880, and a net profit of \$843 was realized, donations, together with the sale of souvenir programs and flags sufficing to pay for the rent of the hall and the few minor incidental expenses.

She Had Two Cocktails

Three business women attended the banquet given by the Chamber of Mines at the Jonathan Club Tuesday night, and they were three sensible women determined that their presence should not put a damper on the joyous gathering. If anything, it was the men who were nervous at the undue proportion of their sex present, as developments proved, for when the preliminary cocktails were served, while one of the fair guests was sipping hers, her masculine neighbor contrived to upset the contents of his glass into her lap. His apologies were profuse, so the story reaches me, but his charming companion brushed aside his embarrassment by gaily exclaiming, "Don't worry a bit about it. We'll just say the drinks are on me."

Pullman Company Remiss

Billy Saunders is home and he brought with him more than good cheer of coming prosperity, for he returns the bearer of what seems to be an entirely new yarn at the expense of our ever welcome, if often unconsciously humorous, friend, the tourist. "I was performing my morning's ablutions," said Billy, "in the little coop of a washroom of the sleeping car the other morning. I was really happy to be so near good old Los Angeles again. I had just opened up my dandy little traveling toilet case which my best girl gave me for Christmas. All of a sudden, in rushed a tourist friend who had talked an arm off me the night before. The fellow made me nervous—he seemed to do everything that I did. After he had brushed his lilacs with the hair brush at hand, he grabbed my tooth brush, which I had just laid down to dry. 'Here, that's my tooth brush, fellow,' I yelled, and he came back with, 'Oh, is it? Well, whar's the one that b'longs to the car?'"

Not Without Fame

There are many persons in Los Angeles, as well as in San Francisco, not inclined to take seriously anything Eugene E. Schmidt may say, but the other day I found a story in the Observer, the little paper published by the former northern mayor, that is so good I choose to accept it as genuine enough to quote in The Graphic, particularly as it concerns Los Angeles and the Alexandria. According to Schmidt's sheet, George Sterling, probably the best known of all California's poets, was recently a guest at the local hospitality. As most of my readers know the Alexandria maintains in its ladies' parlor a bevy of fair maidens. George, his friends concede, is "rather good looking" and when he entered the parlor he created something of a sensation among these impressionable beauties. "Who's that swell lookin' fellow, Mabel?" queried one of another. "Why, don't you know him? That's George Sterling," responded Mabel. Her friend took another soulful look and remarked, "Oh, the chewing gum man! How sweet he looks!"

Music

By W. Francis Gates

In connection with recent piano programs it is interesting to note the origin of that dissonant modern French school of harmonization of which Debussy is the high priest. The low priests are numerous. We have to thank, for the vagaries of this school, those very Russians who are so much enjoyed for their clever harmonic combinations and bizarre tone colorings. But the Russian group contrived to be interesting without being continuously cacophonous. They could make music without noise—until noise was necessitated by a dramatic situation in text or thought. They developed a wonderful facility in combining orchestra tones into new tints and in contrasts of marked variety. As Brahms is a sculptor in tones, Tschaikowsky is a painter in rich oil colors. Well, to get back to our muttons—Debussy left the Paris conservatoire, where he was studying composition with Marmontel, and where he was a rather plodding, conservative student, writing with attention to strict rule and precedent—and went to Russia. In that country he passed six years and naturally came under the influence of the modern Russian school headed by Tschaikowsky. I do not think that this stay in Russia was voluntary on his part with the intention of absorbing Russian atmosphere, but I rather think it was due to family affairs. But that is immaterial. At any rate he became a changed man—musically. From his staid, class-room progressions he ranged off to wilder harmonic flights than were dreamed of by the Russians themselves. Going back to Paris at the end of the six years, Debussy began to turn out that remarkable series of compositions, many illogically beautiful and others logically unbeautiful, which have marked him as a man to be copied, by those who strive to get into the lime-light of popularity and achieve the title of "modernist" and "futurist." And so, all unwittingly, perhaps, it is Tschaikowsky, the wondrously beautiful, to whom we owe the vague meanderings of the so-called modern French school of composition. This little history of the emergence of Debussy from the chrysalis of French conservatoire thoroughness is not generally known; but I have it directly from one who was his classmate under the tuition of Marmontel, one of the most respected of French theoreticians, and who included among his pupils such composers as Bizet, D'Indy, Dubois and MacDowell.

Thursday night of last week Miss Mabel Channel, pianist, presented a program at Trinity. The selections were from classic and modern romantic composers. Of the former classification there was Beethoven and of the latter MacDowell, Paderewski and Ganz, with Chopin as the true romanticist and Glinka representing the modern Russian school. The Beethoven offering was the Sonata opus X, number three, not one of the heavier and later ones but one of the most interesting of the earlier sonatas, especially in the first and second movements. There were two selections by Rudolph Ganz, the pianist, and in these he showed how he could leave the pleasant melodious paths that generally he treads and get into the mixed tonalities and subtle dissonances that characterize the later writers who hang onto the coat-tails of Debussy. The most virtuoso of the pieces played by Miss Channel was the Tschaikowsky paraphrase of melodies from his opera, "Eugene Onegin." At times this has the swing of Strauss or Gounod, but with more originality of melodic and harmonic sequence than either of these composers would have given it. Miss Channel is to be congratulated on the pleasing material she selected for her program.

Benefit concerts there have been by the dozen in the last two years, for the sufferers by the European war, but in Los Angeles there has been no more attractive program offered than that which was given at Temple auditorium last Sunday afternoon for the Germanic Red Cross Fund. The participants were the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, Marcelle Craft, Mrs. Helen Thorner, Mrs. Possart and Axel Simonsen. With this array of soloists and orchestra one

would not have to examine the program to know its value. Miss Craft gave several selections from "Mme. Butterfly" and added the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria." Mrs. Thorner sang "Elsa's Dream" and several German songs. Mrs. Possart played with the orchestra the Rubinstein D minor concerto for piano and a D'Albert gavotte as an encore, while Mr. Simonsen offered the "Kol Nedrei" variations by Bruch. The orchestra gave the "Meistersinger" prelude and a number by the conductor, Adolf Tandler. Altogether this was the local high water mark of Relief Fund concerts, in an artistic sense.

Every musician will regret the position in which Mme. Gadski has been placed by her husband's alleged connection with German dynamiters and by her loyalty to him, providing the remarks attributed to her were correctly reported. Mme. Gadski well may be listed in the front rank, even leading the first rank, of dramatic sopranos. She is second only to Schumann-Heink in the affections of concert-goers. It is lamentable that Captain Tauscher, her husband, should have become so involved in American conditions as to have an indictment found against him. And it is equally lamentable that Mme. Gadski should have allowed her good judgment to have been overclouded by her patriotism. She has been the recipient of hundreds of thousands of good American dollars; she has had all the applause America could give her. And then, if she was correctly reported, she alleged she would gladly break the American laws, would destroy property and possibly—almost inevitably—take American lives. There is such a thing as allowing patriotism to go too far. And if this is "press-agenting"—which seems hardly possible—it is suicidal. One can not but compare her inflammatory statements with the quiet dignity which marks the course of Mme. Schumann-Heink. The latter is just as truly a born German, yet is a naturalized American citizen. Doubtless she cherishes all affection for the Fatherland, but she has no blasting remarks to hurl at England, no blatantly uttered desires to burn American buildings. She seems to be observing the President's proclamation of neutrality in the spirit and the letter. In justice to Mme. Gadski it must be said she has stated to representatives of New York musical papers that the remarks she made were "not for publication." Possibly not; but did they express her real sentiments?

Now that concerts for two pianos seem to be growing in popularity, one or other of these "teams" now before the American public might find it worth while to look into Glazounoff's paraphrase for two pianofortes on the national anthems of the allies. This was introduced in Moscow a few months ago by Alexander Silioti and another pianist, and it had its first London performance recently at the first of six concerts Alys Bateman has arranged in aid of blinded soldiers and sailors. It may be added that to date no notice has come of this work being placed on programs in Berlin, Leipzig or Munich. The probabilities are that its premiere in these cities will be postponed for a few years.

Estelle Heartt Dreyfus, whose Purpose Program series has been one of the real musical treats of this season, will give her third and last concert Tuesday evening, May 9, in the Little Theatre. The program, "entitled "Opera Airs," covers the legendary, historical and romantic groups, and includes many favorite airs from the well loved operas as well as selections from modern works which are unknown in this country. Mrs. Dreyfus will give a verbal translation where the words are not in English. Assisting Mrs. Dreyfus will be Axel Simonsen, solo cellist of the Los Angeles symphony, and Mrs. H. Hennion Robinson, both artists of ability. The program is as follows:

Legendary—Song of the Shepherd Lehl, Fairy Opera Snegurochka, Rimsky-Korsakoff; When the Time of Love has Flown, Opera Don Quichotte, Massenet; Divinity of Styx, Opera Alceste, Gluck—Mrs. Dreyfus. Historic—Largo (Thy Gentle Shade), Opera Serse, Handel—Mr. Simonsen. Historic—One Most

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(Continued on page thirteen)

Briefs on Current Events

"He filled Ireland with secret agents whose duty it was to foment and organize the spirit of insurrection while carefully studying the country. Ostensibly they were commercial agents, and even when some of their instructions were seized by English officials, nothing to the contrary could be proved." This reads like portions of the accounts of the present German spy system, but it was written more than twenty years ago about Napoleon's agents in that country in 1802 in one of the occasional periods of peace between France and England.

* * *

It is not the sympathy or admiration of any hyphenated American for the country of his birth or descent that is objectionable, but the organization and utilization of this sentiment by paid agents, official or secret, of a foreign government. The failure to comprehend this is the reason Germans complain of unfair treatment. Though there are in this country many more men of English descent than those whose ancestors came from Germany, and though many of these Anglo-Americans are as much, if not more, emphatically hyphenated, you never hear the threat that these men, acting together as an organized body, will defeat for office any man who will not actively espouse the cause of their ancestral country. The essence, the true nature of the objection is that Americans are not willing that any foreign government shall by the subsidized aid of those who have renounced their former allegiance control and govern this country.

* * *

"I curled up on the seat opposite and listened and wondered till the universe seemed to be spinning round and round and Theodore was the spinner." This remark by Kipling about "young Roosevelt" quoted by the biographer of John Hay suggests that even then Teddy had a habit of talking "ex cathedra."

* * *

Compulsory military service suggests autocratic government, whether the compulsion is universal as on the continent of Europe, or limited as in the conscription employed by both sides in our civil war and now suggested in England. But universal military service does not necessarily carry any such suggestion. It is in essence simply an acknowledgment that every citizen owes an individual duty to his country. Its success in France and Switzerland, the two most truly democratic countries in the world, shows there is nothing in it inimical to popular government. Conscription on the other hand implies the right of the government to require this service from a few while excusing others. It is really based on the idea, most clearly stated, but not originated by Machiavelli, of the state as something separate from and superior to the people constituting the state. A volunteer army means the willing assumption by the few of the duties of the many. Though nominally based on the high moral motives of these few, its true explanation is the selfishness and lack of patriotism of the many. It is as unjust, undemocratic, and ethically wrong as conscription.

* * *

Every one has heard of Howard E. Coffin. A large motor company has attended to that. But it is of his work as the chairman of a sub-committee of Secretary Daniel's Naval Consulting Board that the May World's Work and a recent issue of the Outlook speak enthusiastically. The work not only of this sub-committee, but of the whole board is noteworthy, the greatest step that has been taken not only to put our country where it should be, but equally important to show where "we are at." This one act of Secretary Daniels, the creation of this board, will go a long way to counteract not only temporarily but permanently the many mistakes he has made in other less important matters.

* * *

Any hen laying seventy-five to one hundred eggs a year, is, like the scrub cow, a visitor, a charity, not a "paying" guest and its chief "city of refuge" is the town lot. The majority of folk who keep a few hens are really paying for the privilege. Most such owners, though their table scraps furnish more than half the needed sustenance, spend for chicken feed more than the value of the eggs they receive. Sometimes even the chickens they eat are not profit.

* * *

Who wouldn't be a humorist? As

Charlie Chaplin can tell, the possibilities of financial returns are almost unlimited. A laugh has ended the career of many a hypocrite and zealot who was untouched by honest sober criticism, has cured more invalids than all the drugs; has told great truths in a way nothing else could accomplish. And yet, Every comedian has been obsessed with a desire to play Hamlet. An attempt by a cartoonist at "art for art's sake" receives nothing but jeers. Mark Twain "Joan of Arc" is a genuine contribution to history, yet had he not published it anonymously, its only reward would have been a laugh. Who would be a humorist?

* * *

Though Bancroft is not considered an unprejudiced historian of our country his figures of population are probably nearly correct. So when he states that in 1754 more than one-sixth (260,000 out of 1,400,000) of the population were slaves he is most likely not far from the truth. Even those who claim that mill workers and many other laborers of the present day are virtually slaves could hardly figure up so large a fraction of the people as in a state of involuntary servitude.

* * *

One hundred and seventy-three thousand dollars spent for roses for one social function, not by a Pittsburg steel multimillionaire, but by Nero. The spenders of the present day have something to learn from the ancients just as have those who imagine that this a purely mercenary age.

* * *

Should England have tried in Ireland the method used by Germany in Belgium to prevent sniping?

* * *

Gray is a mixture of black and white. Black is the absence of any color rays, White the presence of all. How can what is not mix with that which is?

* * *

Sinn Feiners and Redmond volunteers seem to have been as unanimous as were Ryan and Bryan at the last Democratic convention.

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Cheaters

By Robert O. Foote

TO many playgoers of Los Angeles "The Servant in the House" is not new. Discussion regarding its propriety raged here as elsewhere when the play was more of a novelty. The stage sermon—it makes little claim to the designation "drama"—became so familiar that we were inclined to forget its gentle lesson of brotherly love in a certain tediousness we came to feel from its didactical preachments. That is because "The Servant in the House," being especially dependent upon a group of great characterizations, is a production largely of its cast. Full realization of this, probably, did not come to many persons until Kennedy's remarkable presentation of the idea of an ever present Saviour was made again a fresh, vital thing by Tyrone Power and the excellent company of players he has assembled about him at

ance which has made him famous as Manson. Benjamin Horning makes the Most Reverend, the Lord Bishop of Lancashire, the abomination in the house, stand out clearly and brings a welcome touch of comedy to the somber story. In fact the entire cast is far superior to any seen here in this play. Sarah Truax never proved herself more of an actress than as the vicar's wife who has come to find her god only in her husband. John W. Sherman handles the vicar well and even the bit of Carl von Schiller as a page deserves appreciative mention.

Scenes from "Macbeth," "Othello" "Julius Caesar," welded into unity by the beautiful lines of William Winter, were presented at several performances. In these the personality of Tyrone Power easily dominated, his commanding



CALVE, COMING TO ORPHEUM FOR WEEK'S ENGAGEMENT

the Mason Opera House this week. Little consideration of the always divergent opinions awakened by "The Servant in the House" is necessary at this late date, for pros and cons have been bandied back and forth for years. It remains, however, to call attention to the wonderful interpretation of his familiar role of the Drainman which Mr. Power is giving us this week, here, in what he now calls his home city. Perhaps it was joy at returning to the legitimate stage and again playing upon that resonant voice of his that inspired the veteran actor. Certainly, it will be hard to convince anyone who has seen him in this engagement that Tyrone Power is not giving the finest performance of his distinguished career. His sordid, coarsened scavenger, rising through the dignity of labor to approach in understanding the soothing Bishop of Benares brings full realization that, Tyrone Power does not believe all the divine qualities of the Kennedy play are intended to be centered in the Servant in the House. To the interpretation of this latter role Wilfrid Roger brings the finished perform-

presence, temperamental simplicity, deliberate dignity, strong and deep melodious voice especially fitting him to the part of Marcus Brutus, which was the most perfect, although probably not as full of variation in human emotion as his interpretation of Othello. He had remarkably sympathetic support from the feminine portion of his company, Mrs. Power and Miss Truax entering into the spirit of the scenes in most inspiring intelligent and feeling manner. One of the highly artistic features of the program were the dramatic dances inspired by passages from Shakespeare, by Violet Romer, dainty, whimsical; and full of feeling in the instance of the "Unsigned Symphony." The delivery of the Chorus lines between the scenes, by Miss Helene Richards, made a beautiful linking of the Shakespearean scenes.

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WITH SIGNOR GASPARRI; WALLACE & HUGHSTON, "Forty Winks;" MASON & MURRAY, "Getting His Goat;" "THE GIRL IN THE MOON," Singing Novelty; TWO TOM BOYS, Bumpst-Bumpst Girls; PIETRO, Accordionist; WILLARD SIMMS & CO., "Flinder's Furnished Flat;" BENNY & WOODS, Piano and Violin. *Orpheum Travel Weekly*—Orchestral Concerts—Pathé Semiweekly News Views.

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of a stock company fully the equal of any that has helped make this old house famous. If the return of legitimate drama, long heralded and much desired, is made elsewhere along lines as encouraging as those followed by Mr. Morosco the public may safely venture to give its confidence again to this ancient form of entertainment. The drama is not simply coming back, it has arrived at the Burbank, with a combination of excellent company and worthy play, and conducted on a policy of popular prices which should make it a deserving contemporary, not necessarily competitor, of the better moving picture offerings. "The Lion and the Mouse" is the vehicle with which the management has chosen to open its season and if this be a criterion of the class of plays which are to be presented at the Burbank we are to see dramatic offerings which will well bear repetition. Charles Klein owed much of his reputation as a master maker of "well constructed plays" to "The Lion and the Mouse" and without doubt the author would be highly pleased if he could see the presentation given his work at the Burbank. Not merely because many of its members are old local favorites, but because their labors at present are of highly commendable quality, is the company winning friends with every performance. Grace Benham, who has the lead this week, is an actress who supplements personal magnetism with evidences of excellent training. Harry Mestayer, particularly, ripened by his Broadway experience, acquits himself with honors, as might be expected. He seems to be the perpetual juvenile and is a most convincing love-maker, something that has been sadly missing in stock company ranks in Los Angeles of recent months. Forrest Stanley, in a gray wig and with a brusque manner, wins plaudits not merely on personal popularity but by a satisfying impersonation of the successful business man who sees in himself and his money his only gods. Beautiful Winifred Bryson again graces the stage she deserted last fall to go to Portland and others long popular here are John Burton and Warner L. Barter, the latter recruited from the Morosco Stock Company. With one or two exceptions the entire aggregation is well selected. Special mention should be made of two bits in the current play that were handled exceptionally well, the Rev. Pontiff Deetle of Herbert Farjeon and Erwin Polemann's butler.

Snappy Act Tops Orpheum Bill

Gertrude Vanderbilt and her clever partner, George Moore, are showing us at the Orpheum this week how really good a "song, dance and patter" act can be, furnishing the genuine essence of this diverting form of entertainment, faint and, what now seem, rather insipid doses of which frequently have been administered to us in the past. Gertrude is a joy to look upon, stunningly clothed, light on her feet and, happily, well aware, herself, that she has not a prima donna voice. She supplies the beauty while George furnishes the laughs. He jokes his partner, other turns on the bill, his audience and himself. It is a sad commentary on Los Angeles audiences that several of his most subtle bits failed to "get over," as the stage phrase goes. Aside from Gertrude of the opulent name, chief interest in this week's program attaches to Ethel Clifton and Brenda Fowler, who once in the dead past—no flowers, please—graced a stock company that produced thrillers at the old Grand Opera House on Main street. They are back here now, on the "big time," demonstrating that melodrama has not been killed, but merely refined. Miss Clifton is the author of their sketch, "The Saint and the Sinner," but that is no reflection upon the versatility of her partner, since the two are better known as the cleverest sketch writers of the day than as actresses. They prove they are, likewise, the latter in this playlet, which has its foundation on the oft demonstrated theorem that we are none of us all good or entirely bad. But, why, oh, why, must the husband of the saint be a district attorney? Is no vaudeville sketch complete without one? Willard Simms tries to re-paper "Flinder's Furnished Flat" to the vast delight of crowded houses which give evidences that slap-stick comedy is still beloved. Piero, our old friend of the piano accordion, is as melodious as of yore, and as great a favorite. Another supposedly musical offering is that of Benny and Woods, a team consisting of a competent pianist and a violinist whose principal claim to distinction is that he is a pretty boy. The LeGrohs please those persons who delight in seeing the human form twisted into shapes nature never contemplated. Lubowska continues to supply bright bits of color in her elab-

orate dancing act and Ray Dooley to impersonate a child such as would move any sane man to infanticide.

"Passing Show of 1915"

Four years ago the directors of the New York Winter Garden evolved the idea of presenting an annual theatrical revue and their latest one, "The Passing Show of 1915," which will be at the Mason Opera House next week, is a combination of musical comedy, ballet, burlesque, spectacle, grand opera, drama and extravaganza said to surpass all its predecessors. It is as large as a circus, with twelve stage pictures and a chorus which requires eleven changes of costume. The present revue, like most of the others, consists of a series of travesties on the dramatic hits of New York. "Experience," "Under Cover," "The Song of Songs," "Trilby," "Twin Beds," "An-

ner fettle. A notable addition to the program which she heads is her husband and singing companion, Signor Gasparri, the tenor, who makes his American debut with his famous wife. They will be heard together in several numbers in addition to solos which will include Calve's famous aria, the Habanera from "Carmen." With the singers will come an excellent bill. A sketch, "Forty Winks," by Edward Ruskay, will be given by Fay Wallace and Regan Hugston. "The Girl in the Moon" is said to be a spectacle of especial appeal to the front rows. Hildagarde Mason and George Murray will appear in a lively patter act, "Getting His Goat," and the Two Tomboys are the only women playing in a "bumpsti-bumpsti" act. The holdovers from this week include Pietro, with his piano accordion, Willard Simms and his company and Benny and Woods.

Offerings on the Screen

Even an imaginary "Molly-Make-Believe" produced by a highly efficient, well-trained imagination, superinduced by Eleanor Hollowell Abbott's pretty narrative, could not be as whimsically winsome as Marguerite Clark's "Molly-Make-Believe." This dainty screen girl seen in the photoplay of that name at the Woodley Theater this week, seems the embodiment of the letter writing child of the story so many of us learned to love from the printed page and now see visualized—not the same story, perhaps, but just as true to its fairy conditions, with all the charm and fanciful humor of the original. She may grow up too quickly, resentment may be felt, for the instant, that she does not do all the things we expected of her, but the producers have kept so well within the atmosphere which surrounded this happy writer of letters to the sick, the maimed and the despondent, that displeasure with them for having given us a screen story, instead of merely pictures of a written story, cannot last. "Molly-Make-Believe," like others of the fairy stories in which the photoplay authorities occasionally allow their stars to appear, is but repeating the lesson the others have taught in vain, that the public likes cleanliness and wholesomeness in its film entertainment and is more than anxious to stand in line for a chance to pay money for what is too seldom allowed it.

Transferring legitimate stage dramas to the screen has long been a popular pastime of our photoplay producers, but it is only recently that these enterprising gentlemen took to showing that musical comedy does not need music to be diverting. The latest example of this development of the motion picture is being shown this week at the



Estelle Heartt Dreyfus

drocles and the Lion," "Polygamy" and "Daddy Long Legs," all come in for a share of the satire. A noteworthy cast is offered, headed by George Monroe, Eugene and Willie Howard and Marilynn Miller and including John T. Murray, Daphne Pollard, Helen Eley, Edmund Goulding, Ernest Hare, Clarence Harvey, Alexis Kosloff, Miller and Mack, Arthur Hill, Flora Lea, Sam Hearn, Margaret Warde, Lyda Carlisle and Marie Flood. Forming an enchanting background for the players will be a beautiful and youthful chorus.

"Raffles" for Burbank Next Week

Kyrle Bellew's famous success "Raffles," will be the next offering of the Burbank Stock Company, to be presented for the week beginning Monday night. This play will mark the first appearance of Marjorie Davis, the talented Chicago department store girl, who will portray the role of Gwendolyn Conron, Raffles' sweetheart. Forrest Stanley will have the title role and as the society burglar outwits the police, should give a fine performance. Harry Mestayer will be seen as Captain Bedford; Fred J. Butler as the real crook, Crawshaw; Warner Baxter as "Bunny"; Winifred Bryson as Mrs. DeVidal and the other members of the Burbank company will be well cast. "Raffles" is one of the most fascinating plays ever produced and should be a popular attraction. Many old-time Burbank patrons, as well as new ones, are taking advantage of the season ticket privilege Oliver Morosco has extended them of reserving the same seats for a certain night of the week, throughout the year.

"The Brat" May Continue

So great is the demand for seats for Maude Fulton's great success, "The Brat" at the Morosco Theater that it may be decided necessary by the management to continue the production for another week. Not only is Miss Fulton achieving the greatest hit of her stage career in this play of her own writing, but it is also furnishing a fine vehicle for the excellent Morosco stock company, with which she is associated in this engagement.

Calve Coming to the Orpheum

Calve, often called the greatest Carmen ever known and one of the world's finest singers, will be at the Orpheum next week. Only one other event in Orpheum history—the Bernhardt engagement—actually compares in importance with the Calve engagement, which is for one week only. The famous singer is making an exceedingly brief Orpheum tour, six houses being privileged to hear her. She appears every other week, giving her precious voice time for rest. All reports agree that the diva never was in

Superba and it is a highly satisfactory one. "The Red Widow" is a comic opera that is well known in Los Angeles in its original form. One of the stars of the old stage version, Flora Zabelle, is seen in "The Red Widow" picture and she still makes the role of the nihilist girl as fascinating as when we were privileged to hear her voice. In several respects the story as told on the film is the more satisfactory as it begins earlier than in the play and affords a better reason for the dramatic action.

"Blazing Love," which has been doing its best to burst forth from the screen at Miller's this week, is one of those intimate photoplays of close up photography and even closer up embraces. It is a tale of hypnotic eyes and a woman who tried in vain to be good, but it hardly seems a worthy vehicle in

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which to introduce beautiful Virginia Pearson as a picture actress. She is entitled to a better drama. At least, it may be safely said that details have not been neglected in "Blazing Love." In fact they multiply as rapidly as do the troubles of the beautiful heroine.

"Civilization" Enjoying Long Run

"Civilization," the Thomas H. Ince cinema spectacle, will begin its fourth week at the Majestic next Monday, the brilliant success of this eloquent plea for universal peace insuring a long run. The prologue, staged by David Hartford, is quite as much a subject of comment as is the picture. Just how the Inceville photographers secured their stupendous war scenes, especially the aeroplane duel, has baffled thousands of spectators, and the destruction of great Leviathans seems almost beyond belief.

Marie Doro in Exciting Picture

Marie Doro, one of the most popular of motion picture stars, will be the attraction at the Woodley Theater next week. The dainty little actress will be seen in "The Heart of Nora Flynn," an exciting film story of jealousy. In it Miss Doro appears as a pretty nurse maid who is forced by her mistress into a compromising position which almost ends her love affair with a handsome chauffeur. The play is particularly full of action.

Pauline Frederick As Attraction

Pauline Frederick plays the leading role of Madge in the romantic photoplay, "The Moment Before," based on Israel Zangwill's powerful drama of the same name, which will be shown at the Superba Theater next week. The scenes depicting the adventures and strife of the sharply defined characters in this story of a gypsy maid married to a hard-hearted villain, are laid in England and Australia. The talented star is given excellent support by Thomas Holding, Frank Losee, J. W. Johnston, Edward Sturgis and other notable screen actors.



THE ETERNAL SAPHO
WILLIAM FOX PRODUCTION

Socials & Personal

By Ruth Burke Stephens

CULMINATING with romance a friendship of several years and uniting two of Southern California's best known families, Mrs. Anna Story Foster of Alhambra and Orange, N. J., will be married this afternoon at four o'clock to Judge Albert M. Stephens of Los Angeles, one of the best known jurists of the state. News of the engagement and approaching wedding came as a happy surprise to the host of friends of the two. The ceremony will be performed in the Church of Our Saviour, San Gabriel, Rev. A. W. Noel Porter, rector of St. James Episcopal Church, and Rev. John R. Atwill, rector of the Church of Our Savior, officiating. Immediately following the reading of the service an informal reception for the members of the two families will be held at the home of Mr. Francis Q. Story, brother of the bride, in Alhambra. Judge and Mrs. Stephens will make their home at 611 South Kingsley Drive. The marriage is of particular interest in Southern California society owing to the prominence of the two families. Mrs. Foster, although her home is in Orange, N. J., has been the guest, for several winters, of her brother, Mr. Francis Q. Story, who also is a life-long friend of Judge Stephens. She is a sister of Judge William Story of Colorado and of the late General Story, chief of artillery of the United States. She is a widow and has two married children who reside in the east. Judge Stephens, who has been intimately connected with the growth and development of Los Angeles, is one of the city's most prominent pioneers. He is at the head of the law firm of Stephens and Stephens, in which two of his sons, Mr. Albert M. Stephens, Jr., and Mr. Raymond Stephens are associated with him. His other children are Mrs. Donald J. Frick, Mr. Moye W. Stephens and Mr. William W. Stephens.

Among the largest of the brilliant affairs of the week was the reception given Thursday afternoon by Mrs. James Tabor Fitzgerald, Mrs. John Bannister and Mrs. M. L. Baldwin, at the beautiful home of the former, corner West Adams and Western avenue. More than three hundred guests were received in the afternoon, the hours being from four until seven o'clock to permit the inclusion of a party of men among the guests. An exceptionally fine program was presented as a feature of the occasion, Miss Bertha Farner, recently soloist at the Ellis Club concert, being the principal artist of the afternoon. Mr. Roland Paul appeared with her in one or two duet numbers. Miss Bessie Chapin rendered two violin solos, with Miss Aileen Northrup as her accompanist. Miss Martha Corson contributed a soprano solo to the program, and a group of attractive girls in Spanish costumes also assisted in the entertainment. The home was attractively decorated, quantities of fragrant blossoms being used. The drawing room was in a color scheme of white and blue. In the library and music room scarlet and green formed a vividly beautiful arrangement, while Scotch bloom converted the dining room into a veritable garden, yellow candles on the table adding an artistic touch to the plan. The hostesses were assisted by Mrs. John Newton Russell, Jr., Mrs. Horace Miller, Mrs. George P. Thresher, Mrs. George Ellis, Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth, Mrs. Lester Satterlee, Mrs. Guy Cuzner, Mrs. Harry T. Coffin, Mrs. C. F. Vallett, Mrs. Howard Schoder, Mrs. Roland Paul, Mrs. Harmon Ryus, Miss Bessie Bedell, Miss Dorris Collins, Miss Dorothea Whitnah, Miss Ella Gardner, Miss Agnes Britt, Miss Marguerite Burns, Miss Margaret Miller, Miss Madeline Souden, Miss Florence Gates and Miss Thompson. Later in the evening Mrs. Fitzgerald entertained a group of about twenty-five friends at a buffet dinner, followed by a dance.

At an artistically appointed service Miss Katherine Pratt, daughter of Mrs. Mary Pinkerton Pratt, was married Wednesday evening to Mr. Mellon Chamberlain of Vermont avenue. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Collier, 1133 Pine street, South Pasadena, Rev. William Horace Day officiating. The drawing room, where the service was read, was ar-

ranged with beautiful artistry. The bridal party stood beneath a white lattice canopy, over which were trailing vines and sprays of Cecile Brunner roses, while other flowers and potted plants formed the background. The bride was attired in a gown of white taffeta, veiled in net and trimmed with opalescent bands of sequins. Her veil was held in place by a spray of orange blossoms and her bouquet was of lilies of the valley and white orchids. Miss Leona Backer assisted as maid of honor, wearing a gown of rose pink taffeta and carrying a shower of pink roses and maidenhair ferns. Little Virginia Chamberlain and Robert Salisbury, niece and nephew of the bridegroom, aided as flower girl and ring-bearer. Mr. James C. Bogart served Mr. Chamberlain as best man. The young bride was given away by her mother. Following the ceremony supper was enjoyed in the dining room, which was attractively decorated in a color scheme of pink and white. Upon their return from a short wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain will make their home in Coacheilla.

Conferring signal honors upon one of its most prominent and philanthropic members, the Ruskin Art Club at its last meeting elected Mrs. Michael Francis Reagan as an honorary vice-president, which courtesy she shares with Miss A. E. Wadleigh and Mrs. M. J. F. Stearns. Five years ago Mrs. Reagan was made the recipient of a life-membership in the club in which her earnest interest has been so important a factor. Other officers have been elected as follows for the new year: Mrs. Samuel Storrow, re-elected president; Mrs. J. W. Hendrick, vice-president; Mrs. C. E. Day, second vice-president; Mrs. A. L. Turden, recording secretary; Mrs. W. E. Keepers, corresponding secretary; Miss Lulu Ruble, financial secretary; Mrs. K. A. Reckard, treasurer; Mrs. Donald Fry, librarian, and Mrs. F. L. Kennedy, curator. The directorate includes Mrs. Samuel Storrow, Mrs. J. W. Hendrick, Miss A. E. Wadleigh, Miss Victoria Witmer, Mrs. George Sinsabaugh, Mrs. W. G. Cochran, Miss Pansy Whitaker, Mrs. Ella Hubbard, Mrs. W. H. Council, Mrs. C. E. Day and Mrs. G. L. Hutchinson. The chairman of the membership committee elected are Mrs. G. L. Hutchinson, Mrs. A. H. Randall and Mrs. W. S. Bullis.

Mrs. Hugh Brown, formerly Miss Estelle Johnson Ryan, has gone north where she will join her husband, Lieutenant Brown, in Bremerton, Washington. From there they will start east, visiting in several of the larger cities before proceeding to Annapolis, where Lieutenant Brown will be stationed as an instructor for the next three years.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell McD. Taylor and young son, Clark Keeler, are expected home today after a week at Big Bear, where they enjoyed trout fishing and other pleasures of camp life.

Mrs. Wallace L. Hardison of 866 West Washington street and her mother, Mrs. William Irving Warner, will entertain tomorrow with a big "al fresco" affair at The Old Adobe, South Pasadena. The guests of honor will be Mr. and Mrs. Fred G. Andrews of New York City, the former of whom is leaving soon for the metropolis for the summer. Later he will return to Los Angeles where they will make their permanent home. Mrs. Andrews, who is a successful dramatist, and whose plays, "Through a Window," "Kate Shannon," and "Eagle Tavern" have had local runs, was for a long period under contract with Klaw & Erlanger in the east. She is now connected with the scenario department at Inceville.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hawkins of Kingsley Drive entertained Tuesday evening with an attractively appointed dinner party. The decorations, particularly artistic in design, were in the pastel tones, sweet peas being used in the arrangement, with pink as the predominating color. Soft rose-shaded lights were used on the table and the place cards were in dainty harmony. Places were marked for Mr. and Mrs. Alexander B. Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. James Tabor Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Miss Nina Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Shirley, Mr. and Mrs. John Bannister and the host and hostess.

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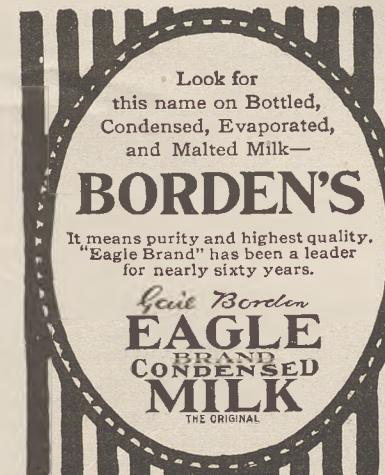
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speare of London, England, who is enjoying a sojourn here of indefinite length, Herr and Mrs. Thilo Becker of 431 South Alvarado street will entertain Friday, May 12 with a reception.

Miss Gwendolin Laughlin, who has been in New York for several months, visiting with Mrs. William Bernard, will return to her home here the first week in June. It is possible that Mrs. Bernard will accompany Miss Laughlin, a bit of news that the many friends whom she has in this city will be pleased to learn. And Miss Laughlin, herself, will be happily welcomed back after her prolonged sojourn in the eastern city.

Mrs. John J. Jenkins of Wilshire Boulevard entertained Monday with an enjoyable bridge luncheon, the affair being given at the Jonathan Club. Quantities of fragrant spring flowers and greenery were used in the decorations. Each table bore a basket of blossoms, gypsophila and ferns being principally used, while fluffy tulle bows ornamented the handles of the baskets. Mrs. Jenkins was assisted by Mrs. Ed-

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News comes to the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Edwards, whose romantic marriage in Australia took place recently, that the happy couple will pass their honeymoon in Sydney, Australia. They plan to return to California in September and it is probable that they will establish their home in Montecito, where Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Park, parents of the young bride, maintain a home far-famed for its magnificent beauty.

Miss Eleanor Banning has returned from San Francisco, where she has been enjoying a pleasant visit with friends, including several of her former college chums at Berkeley.

Judge and Mrs. Charles Monroe were host and hostess recently at a dinner and auction bridge party given at their home on West Twenty-eighth street. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. William Threlkeld Bishop, Mrs. Hugh Livingstone Macneil, Mrs. William E. Ramsay and her guest, Mrs. Barbour, Mrs. Jaro von Schmidt, Dr. and Mrs. Rea Smith and Mr. George Chartier.

Mr. and Mrs. Savre Macneil, the latter formerly Miss Marguerite Drake, are planning to take possession of their artistic new home in the near future. The attractive new domicile which is now nearing completion on Ardmore avenue, is patterned after the French style of architecture. Mr. and Mrs. Macneil will probably be settled in their new home by the latter part of this present month.

Mrs. L. C. Torrance and her daughter, Miss Katherine Torrance were the charming hostesses Thursday at an informal tea. The affair, which was given at their home, 426 Kenmore avenue, was artistically appointed. Spring flowers were prettily arranged, the color scheme of yellow and blue being carried out with bachelor buttons.

Mr. and Mrs. Willys Arthur van Frank of Rialto announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Jeannette van Frank to Mr. John Frederick Kanst, a prominent business man of this city, and well known as a member of the Los Angeles Athletic Club and the Gamut Club. The bride-elect until a year or two ago lived in Danville, Illinois.

Mrs. Stephen A. Rendall of Alvarado street has as her house guest, Mrs. Charles H. Spinks, prominent club and society woman of Berkeley. A number of informal social courtesies are being given for the charming visitor.

One of the most pretentious of the week's society affairs was the large tea given Tuesday by Mrs. James Rathwell Page at her beautiful new home in Windsor Square. The rooms were artistically decorated with quantities of spring blossoms. In the dining room Killarney roses were used in an attractive arrangement with sprays of lilies of the valley. Roses, gladioli and other flowers were in abundance in the other rooms. Mrs. Page was assisted in receiving by her mother, Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys; her sister, Mrs. Richard Jewett Schewpe and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Benton Van Nuys. Guests were received between the hours of four and six o'clock. Mrs. Page formerly was Miss Kate Van Nuys, and the affair of this week is the first formal event at which she has been hostess since the completion of her new home, the erection of which was begun at about the time of her marriage.

Of special interest is the announcement of the betrothal of Miss Helen Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Wright of Hollywood, to Mr. Eugene Lonergan Spearman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Spearman, also of Hollywood. Miss Wright, the attractive young bride-elect, returned only last September from the Maryland College near Baltimore from which she was graduated. Since that time she has been exceedingly popular as a member of the younger set of that fashionable section. Her father, Mr. Wright, is secretary of the Hollywood Board of Trade, while Mrs. Wright is regent of El Camino Real Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Mr. Spearman, whose father is widely known as a novelist, lives with his parents on Hawthorn street, and is popular with the young folk of Hollywood.

Mr. Ward Dawson will be host Monday evening at a theater party at the Mason Opera House, followed by a supper at the new Ice Palace at the Alex-

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andria. His guests of honor are to be Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels of Coronado and Lieutenant George Brown, U. S. A., the son of Mrs. Thomas B. Brown and brother of Mr. Thomas B. Brown, Mrs. Sydney I. Wailes and Mr. Eltinge Brown. Mr. Dawson will have a score or so of guest and the affair will be attractively appointed.

Vacation will soon be at hand and with that advent there will be a stir of social activities among the younger set. Informal entertaining with weekend parties to beach and mountain will be in order for the young folk, while their elders rest a while from their own busy whirl. From Berkeley a group of young men are expected to arrive home about the middle of next week. Among

Lucile's Shop Talk



Courtesy New Yamato

One of the most interesting establishments in the Brack Shops building is for the babies, in Promenade F, where may be found everything the wee bairn's heart could desire, if he were old enough to choose. Here are beautiful lace and hand-embroidered dresses—in fact many of the most gorgeous and complete outfit I have ever seen.

"Never do yourself what you can pay someone else to do," is an excellent motto for both the business man and busy society woman. It is a new idea—the social secretary has appeared here and she will address your invitations, handle your correspondence and in fact do any detail work you require. You will find her on Promenade G, Brack shops.

When anything in plaiting, buttons or hemstitching is desired try a little shop on Hill street, near Seventh, that makes a specialty of doing such things, and doing them well.

Attractive paintings are being shown on Promenade F, Brack-shops. This exchange provides a medium through which art lovers may indulge an artistic hobby. The proprietors buy, sell or exchange any object of art value. I hear that auction sales are to be held at short intervals, meaning that the art lover will be afforded a rare opportunity for purchasing at his own figure.

This sounds like a fairy story, but it isn't. Can you imagine your photo done in oil for a moderate sum; in fact, less than three dollars? And this includes a frame also, a real good frame, and a painting that does not look amateurish but is workmanship of a high order, something that you will be pleased to own. A shop on Broadway, near Fourth, is making this special offer for a short time only.

them will be Mr. Keith Vosburg, Mr. George Banning, Mr. Robert Ward, Mr. John Ward, Mr. Olin Wellborn, Mr. James Friesner, Mr. Harold Silent, Mr. Charlie Bayly and Mr. Robert Elliott.

Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard Jess left early in the week for Briarcliffe, N. Y., in company with Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Edwards of Pasadena. The two men purpose attending the meeting of the executive council of the American Bankers' Association, of which they are members. Later the four Los Angelans will visit in New York City, their eastern trip extending over a month.

Mrs. Erasmus Wilson gave an informal "at home" to her friends Wednesday, this being the last which she

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EMBROIDERY AND LINEN SHOP, 751 S. Broad. Fine linens, lace goods. Trousseaux.

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Upholstering

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will have before leaving for her summer home, Wilsonia Court, near San Gabriel. Assisting Mrs. Wilson in receiving was her charming young house guest, Miss Nina Robinson. In the near future Mr. and Mrs. Wilson will enjoy a visit to Arrowhead, later going to their country place, where they will pass the greater part of the summer.

Mrs. Orra E. Monnette of 3101 Wilshire boulevard has left for the east, where she will remain for several months.

Mrs. William S. Hook, Jr., entertained informally Wednesday with a luncheon and tennis party at her beautiful country place in Covina. About a dozen friends were invited, motoring out from the city for the event.

Books

IN his account of the development of the European nations in the eventful forty-four years that culminated in 1914, Dr. Holland Rose supplies an invaluable volume for the public or private library. Published originally in two volumes, and closing with the nineteenth century, the treatise has passed through four editions, and this, the fifth edition, in one volume, is furnished with a new preface and supplementary chapters. The author, as reader in modern history to the University of Cambridge, works in his chosen field, and his style is deliberate and finished. In the opening chapter dealing with the "Causes of the Franco-German War," he cannot see his way to admit that Bismarck's famous falsification of the Ems telegram had the significance the old statesman attached to it later. Indeed, Bismarck's claim that his handling of the matter was the final cause of the war, he would "set aside as senile vanity (page 52)." He adds in a footnote: "Bismarck, of course, wanted war, but so did Gramont, and I hold that the latter brought it about." In the preceding pages both versions of the fateful telegrams are given in full, and Dr. Rose's contention seems certainly to be supported by their phraseology. The original contained the words "somewhat sternly" as descriptive of the King's refusing to listen to Benedetti's demand, and these were "very properly omitted by Bismarck in his abbreviated version." So seems to dissolve into thin air an historical judgment that impressed greatly the men of yesterday.

The ninth chapter, telling the story of Russian expansion in the Far East, makes fascinating reading. The author pays tribute to the genius of the statesman Muravieff, who began his governorship only seventy years ago. "The new departure was marked by the issue of an imperial ukase (1851) ordering the Russian settlers beyond Lake Baikal to conform to the Cossack system; that is, to become liable to military duties in return for the holding of land in the more exposed positions. Three years later Muravieff ordered six thousand Cossacks to migrate from these trans-Baikal settlements to the land newly acquired from China on the borders of Manchuria. In the same year the Russians established a station at the mouth of the Amur, and in 1853 gained control over part of the island of Saghalien."

Probably no conquest of such magnitude as the Russian expansion from the Urals to the Sea of Japan, remarks our author, was ever made with so little expenditure of blood and money. He compares the triumph of Russia over the ill-organized tribes of Siberia and Northern Manchuria to one "of the easy and unalterable methods of nature, which compels a lower type of life to yield up its puny force for the benefit of a higher." In his account of the meeting of Russia and Japan, as the former moved close up to the territory of the Mikado, Dr. Rose does not mention that a Russian expedition landed on the shores of the northern island of Yezo, now better known as Hokkaido, at the opening of the nineteenth century, and inspired the statesmen at Yedo (modern Tokyo) with considerable apprehension. Sixty years later a Russian man-of-war took possession of the Tshushima (misspell for "Tsushima") Isles between Korea and Japan, but withdrew on the protest of the British admiral. "But he hardly seems justified in supposing that so early as the fifties an encroachment on Korea would have brought Japan on to the field of action." At this time she had not definitely emerged from her oyster-life isolation.

Others of the chapters read like a bit of romance, notably "The Making of Bulgaria." (Chapter X.) "The rise of this enigmatic people," he states in an opening paragraph, "affords a striking example of the power of national feeling to uplift the down-trodden. Until the year 1876, the very name Bulgarian was scarcely known except as a geographical term." Novelists and dramatists have drawn freely from this source in productions like the "Prisoner of Zenda." ("The Development of the European Nations, 1870-1914." By J. Holland Rose. Litt. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Bullock's.)

"The Real Adventure"

For "The Real Adventure"—marriage, of course—to turn out happily, it is necessary that two self-respecting spirits be able to stand alone, sufficient each unto himself, yet united as friends as well as lovers. Such seems to be the thesis of Henry Kitchell Webster's really notable, if tediously long, contribution to recent literature. The critical reader may raise the objection that Mr. Webster, even after guiding his thoroughly lovable young woman through her revolt against being showered with rose petals because of her sex attraction and bringing her out victorious in her first hand fight with life, starts her off on her second matrimonial trial with her self-centered husband with the same difficulties she faced in the early flush of her love. But second thought is likely to bring conclusion that the author has been wise in his premises; his characters have solved at least one problem, the revolt of the woman against being absorbed in the very thoughts of the man and his desire that in this loss of individuality she finds her joy, and they start out again upon domestic existence with no thought that having overcome their first misunderstanding, life is to stretch away before them free from all clouds. Aside from this theme of his on how to make the real adventure a happy one, Mr. Webster tells an interesting tale. He introduces clever characters, the sort of persons one would feel it a delight to meet and gossip with. The experiences of Rose Stanton Aldrich, after she leaves her husband and babies and embarks upon a theatrical existence, are enlivening and are handled with a touch which is a constant pleasure. ("The Real Adventure." (By Henry Kitchell Webster. Bobbs-Merrill. Bullock's.)

"The Wonder Girl"

Anna E. Satterlee lives in Los Angeles and her latest book, "The Wonder Girl," is a reflection of the boundless enthusiasm which this section seems to arouse in all its residents. "The Wonder Girl" is typically what it is called, "a tourist tale of California." Starting with the journey hitherward of a group of young people, it conducts them and their California friends about the familiar tourist trips of this section, artfully weaving romance with description and finally ends in three engagements, which, the author would have us believe, are quite as important a crop in California as are oranges. "The Wonder Girl" is a lovable creature, possessed of a beautiful voice and an even more charming personality, radiantly happy and healthy and able to twist even the rather prudish old aunt's views of religion, and dancing and theaters about her clever fingers. The book is an excellent example of that type of literature which has become so popular here with tourists who desire to take home a written record of the places they have visited but wish to avoid the dry-as-dust books. ("The Wonder Girl." By Anna E. Satterlee. Sherman, French & Co. Bullock's.)

Magazines for May

Possibly the most important article in any magazine for this month is that by Howard E. Coffin in World's Work on "Organizing Industry for National Defense." Just now, when the United States may be confronted with the necessity of using all its resources, Mr. Coffin's article comes with unusual timeliness. The author is chairman of the committee on industrial preparedness of the Naval Consulting Board. His contribution seems to be the clearest and most comprehensive statement of the views of the board as yet presented. Among other interesting articles in the May World's Work are "Invasion or Intervention" by George Marvin; "Saloniki, Checkmate of German Diplomacy" by W. Morton Fullerton; "Henry Morganthau, Diplomat" by Burton J. Hendrick. In its May issue Harper's Magazine begins publication of "The Mysterious Stranger," a romance by Mark Twain. Albert Bigelow Paine continues his amusing tale of travel in Europe before the beginning of the present war. William Allen White has an essay on "The Country Newspaper" and there is the usual fine collection of articles, stories and poems.



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"'The Man of Promise' is one of the few novels of this generation which approximate perfection in form. . . . Seldom has so consistent a portrait appeared in a work of fiction." — The Graphic.

"Willard Huntington Wright breaks new ground in a sensational romance. . . . It is a departure from the usual manner of fiction . . . a brilliant performance." — San Francisco Chronicle.

"'The Man of Promise' is a thought-provoking book, honest, frank . . . dealing with the psychological facts of humanity as the author sees them." — New York Evening Post.

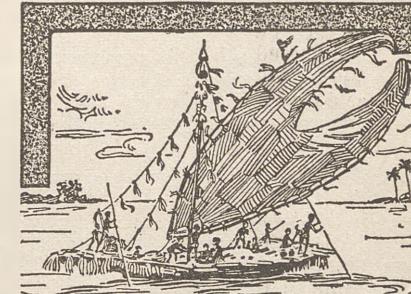
"A novel of distinction, full of sense and dignity. Such novels are too rare among us to be lightly passed by." — H. L. Mencken in the Smart Set.

"An unusual story, attractive to both sexes." — James L. Ford in the N. Y. Herald.

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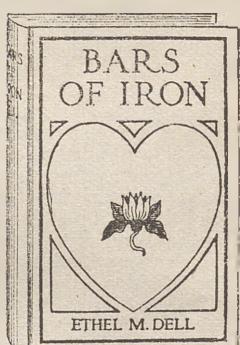
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NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR PROBATE OF WILL

No. 32237

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles.

In the Matter of the Estate of James D. Stanton, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the petition of Lewis C. Carlisle for the Probate of Will of James D. Stanton, Deceased, and for the issuance of Letters of administration with the will annexed thereto to Lewis C. Carlisle will be heard at 10 o'clock a. m., on the 16th day of May, 1916, at the Court Room of Department 2 of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, California.

Dated April 25, 1916.

H. J. LELANDE, Clerk.
By H. H. Doyle, Deputy Clerk.
John Beardsley, Attorney for Petitioner.

In the World of Amateur Sports

ALTHOUGH the Southern California trout season opened with a tragedy, the drowning of four men in Big Bear Lake, what most of the fishermen personally considered a much more intimate tragedy was the undue proportion of anglers to trout to be found in this end of the state when Monday morning dawned. After the wild excitement attending the rush into town of successful fly-casters intent on winning one of the various prizes put up by sporting goods houses had subsided and the average fisherman was heard from, the complaint of exaggerated advance reports of conditions were as common as in years gone by. The truth of the trout season hereabouts is that the automobile has spoiled fishing except for the extremely limited number of experts who may be counted upon to get from one pool more fish than ever before were supposed to inhabit it. The machine which has been a blessing in making outdoor sports possible for such a large number of persons, has, by that same token, ruined the prospects of the average angler. Only the Bear lakes seem to have sustained the reputation as trout infested waters which had been proclaimed before the season opened. Many limits were reported from that region and optimists feel perfectly safe in declaring that at least one man out of every ten in the vicinity had something to show for his trip. On the San Gabriel the sport was only ordinary. Few limit catches were reported from the Sespe and Ventura rivers. Possibly in a week or two, when the crowds of men have thinned out, the sincere seeker may be successful in his search for real fishing.

Armstrong Comes Back

In the finals of the annual invitation golf tournament of the Annandale Country Club, last Saturday, the Pacific Coast champion and the Southern California champion met in one of the closest matches recently seen hereabouts, and the former, E. S. Armstrong, came off victor over the latter, Harold B. Lamb, 2 up and 1 to play in 36 holes. Armstrong, noted as a player who never knows when he is defeated, was 2 down at the end of the first 18-hole round of the final match and was in even worse straits at the end of the eighth hole of the second round, when he was 3 down, but by a superb exhibition of golf he was able to come out victor at the thirty-fifth hole. On this hole, a par five, Lamb came through with a four but Armstrong, after a remarkable drive, laid his second on the edge of the green and sunk a long putt for a 2 and the hole and match. Winners in other flights in the Annandale tournament were: second flight, Paul F. Deiss; third flight, J. E. S. Heath; fourth flight, W. H. Thompson; fifth flight, Ed. McCament; first flight, defeated eight, F. D. Tatum; second flight, defeated eight, A. D. S. Johnston; third flight, defeated eight, E. H. Lockwood; fourth flight, defeated eight, E. R. Gamble; fifth flight, defeated eight, Paul Wold.

"Free Train" Casus Belli Derailed

That the amateur souls of countless middle-western golfers who would, doubtless, rather have come to the annual tournament of Western Amateur Golf Association on a free train than to pay their own fare, may be protected, the California Golf Association has withdrawn its offer of special transportation to the championship affair at Del Monte. This action was taken at what amounted to dictation from the western association and what promised to be a casus belli between that organization and the United States Golf Association has been averted. Realizing that to pay transportation all the way across the continent to Del Monte would work a hardship upon many golfers whose presence, nevertheless, was greatly desired at the tournament, the offer of a free special train was made by the Californians in all good faith at the time they solicited the championship for this year. The offer was accepted by delegates to the Western's annual meeting but overruled by the directors, following announcement that the United States association would disqualify any player who traveled on the free train. For a time the Californians considered taking an appeal from the directors to a special meeting of the association but finally decided in the interests of peace to withdraw the offer. What effect this will have on attendance at the championship affair at Del Monte is problematical.

Team Competition Nears End

Team match competition of the Southern California Golf association has narrowed down to the final games with only a dozen of the scheduled 110 matches still to be played. Midwick maintains its proud position at the head of the scratch standings, but with Los Angeles as a close second and the positions likely to be reversed before the season is over. Altadena's hold on first place in the handicap standings, also, is by a narrow margin, as that club has been victor in but one more match than Virginia and has lost the same number. Following are the standings:

Scratch	W.	L.	Pct.
Midwick	14	1	.933
Los Angeles	14	2	.875
Annandale	8	5	.615
Virginia	5	6	.455
Altadena	5	7	.417
Coronado	4	6	.400
Victoria	5	8	.385
Redlands	6	10	.375
San Gabriel	4	8	.333
Pt. Loma	3	6	.333
Orange County	3	12	.200
Handicap	W.	L.	Pct.
Altadena	8	4	.667
Virginia	7	4	.636
Victoria	8	5	.615
Annandale	8	5	.615
Los Angeles	9	7	.563
Midwick	8	7	.533
San Gabriel	6	6	.500
Orange County	5	10	.333
Pt. Loma	3	6	.333
Redlands	5	11	.313
Coronado	3	7	.300

Ethics in College Athletics

Dr. Joseph E. Raycroft, director of the department of physical education at Princeton, recently delivered himself of a few remarks regarding ethics in college athletics which might well be given wider circulation than they obtained in the Princetonian. In discussing the question of the real aim of school athletics, Dr. Raycroft says: "Either competition in athletic sports is an important part of our educational system or it is not. If it is not, then we have mighty little justification for our great and expensive athletic establishments. If it is, we must conduct the work on a basis that provides opportunities and stimulus for each man according to his ability and needs. Bar the honor of representing his university to the semi-professional, not primarily because he is a professional—because he has made his living in athletics—but because he is out of his class. Drop the standards of sporting editors and set up educational standards in this phase of educational work as in chemistry or biology. If this is done we shall see fewer of our prominent athletes going into frankly professional athletics and shall have more men responding to the legitimate stimulus of competition for college honors, getting thereby a training in character, self-control, and loyalty that means much in their development."

Popularizing Yosemite Valley Trip

Franklin K. Lane never did a more popular favor for his home state than when he arranged to make the Yosemite Valley more accessible to autoists this year by doing away with much of the red tape which has surrounded touring in this famous beauty spot. There has just been issued by the department of the interior printed matter which outlines the rules under which automobiles may be driven into the national park and in addition the department has published handy little automobile guide maps showing the roads in the Yosemite Valley, the direction over which they may be traveled, camping places and repair stations and even indicating the best routes to follow from any of the principal cities of California to reach the entrance to the Yosemite. These maps and rules for autoists may be obtained free by addressing the secretary of the interior at Washington.

Music and Musicians

(Continued from Page 6.)

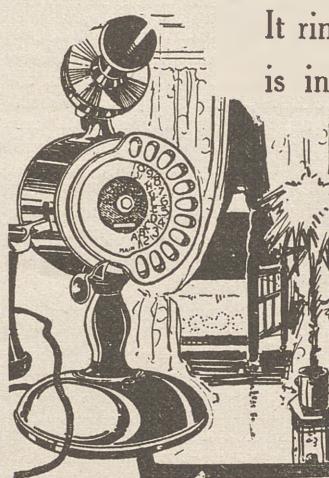
given by Miss Isabel Morse, violiniste, assisted by Miss Esther Sharp, soprano, and Miss May LeGrand, pianiste. Patrons for the recital are Mrs. Thilo Becker, Mrs. W. D. Babcock, Mrs. J. A. Osgood, Mrs. W. F. Howard, Mme. Helen Thorner, Mrs. Wm. Duffield, Mrs. Wm. Baurhyte, Mrs. E. W. Martindale, Mrs. A. N. Davidson, Mrs. W. B. Mathews, Mrs. Lee C. Gates, Mrs. Warren Holden Pope, Mrs. Sherman Pease, Mrs. C. C. Wright, Mrs. Geo. Thresher, Mrs. Hector Alliot.

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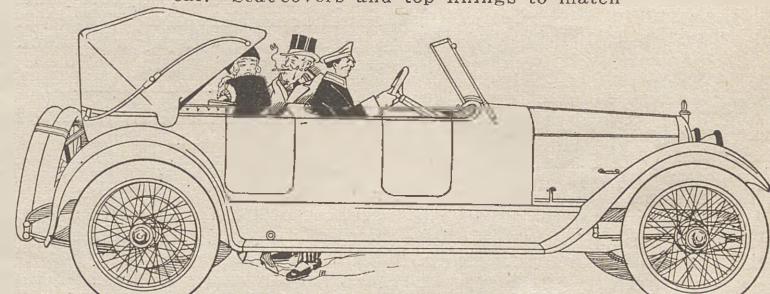
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the American Guild of Organists at St. Paul's Monday evening the organ selections were given by Charles H. Demorest and Mrs. Edith R. Smith. Mr. Demorest needs no introduction to Los Angeles music lovers as he stands in first rank of local organists. Mrs. Smith made a most favorable impression by her work, which was recognized as fully equaling that of Mr. Demorest. The Cathedral choir under Ernest Douglas also gave a part of the program, the principal number being a Haydn anthem.

Los Angeles Oratorio Society will

present Verdi's "Requiem" under the baton of Edward Lebegott, May 14 at Clune's Auditorium. The chorus will be assisted by the Symphony Orchestra, which is to give several numbers under Adolf Tandler's direction. Soloists will be Marie B. Tiffany, soprano; Pearl Burck Selby, contralto; Henri La Bonte, tenor, and Clifford Lott, baritone.

Schliewen Trio, composed of Richard Schliewen, violin; Alfred Wallenstein, violoncello, and Grace Adele Freebey, piano, will present a program before the Friday Morning Club, May 26.

Stocks & Bonds

WITH one day out for a legal holiday, trading on the Los Angeles stock exchange this week has been less active than for several weeks past. Particularly have the mining issues sagged. Several of the leading Oatman stocks continued to drop in price, others partially regained previous quotations, but in neither case was there lively trading, the public apparently preferring to wait actual developments in the Oatman district before investing heavily. Big Jim continues its erratic course. At one time this week it dropped as low as \$1.17 but at this writing is back above \$1.20. Two weeks ago it sold at \$2.02. Tom Reed, also, is unsteady. On the other hand United Eastern has stiffened appreciably and at this writing is selling at \$4.10. Boundary Cone is another Oatman stock to record advances in price, the prevailing figure at present being 52-55 cents. Many bargains in mining stocks are being offered daily but no great revival of speculation is looked for until reports of another Oatman ore strike revive confidence in the camp. Such buyers as there are on the local market seem to favor the newer properties, like Iowa and Hi Henry, where development has not been carried far enough to advance prices to a figure which does not leave margin for speculation.

Oil stocks are showing much better tone. Union has moved up to \$76 and Provident is in demand at the higher price of \$73.50. Other oils held their recent high marks. Home Telephone stocks suffered a considerable break. Common, after bringing \$44 for more than a week, dropped to \$40. Preferred bid price was kept steady at \$71 but the asked quotation dropped from \$74 to \$73. Improved figures prevailed for Los Angeles Investment, which was in better demand. Union Oil bonds were in heavy call at 90 with few sellers. Otherwise the bond market was quiet and little interest was displayed in the bank list.

Banks and Bankers

In a neat little booklet recently issued C. M. Davenport of the Citizens' Trust and Savings Bank of this city outlines a plan which his institution has devised to enable leaving insurance money in such form that it will be impossible for beneficiaries to waste or dissipate it. The bank urges correlated life insurance and trust company service and presents convincing arguments for the use of a plan such as it suggests.

Los Angeles bank clearings in April were nearly \$20,000,000 in excess of those of the corresponding month in 1915. The April total was \$107,159,573, which, with the exception of March, was the largest registered by the Los Angeles Clearinghouse Association since March, 1914. Total bank clearings for the first four months of this year are more than \$400,000,000, against approximately \$338,000,000 for the first four months of last year.

Rodney S. Durkee, who for three and a half years has been comptroller of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco, has been made executive secretary of the Bank of Italy. He will have his headquarters with the main bank in San Francisco and will devote most of his time to developing the organization so there will always be trained employees available to care for the business at the main office and the seven branches. He will also give his attention to perfecting the accounting system.

With the announcement that shares of stock in the new Philippine National Bank would be put on sale at once, the insular government has taken the first steps in the actual organization of the \$10,000,000 bank authorized by the last insular government. Harvey P. Willis, the first president of the bank, formerly secretary of the federal reserve board of the United States, is expected to arrive in Manila June 1, and it is hoped to have the bank machinery ready for operation when he reaches the islands. Samuel Ferguson, acting executive secretary, has been named vice-president

and will direct the affairs of the bank's organization until the arrival of his chief.

Stock and Bond Briefs

American mining companies established a record in the first quarter of 1916 when ninety-seven concerns distributed dividends totaling \$40,331,776. A comparison of this total with that of the similar quarter of preceding years may be had from the following table:

1912—83 companies paid.....	\$21,700,390
1913—114 companies paid.....	23,304,520
1914—94 companies paid.....	24,785,556
1915—70 companies paid.....	18,202,932
1916—97 companies paid.....	40,331,776

Voluntary reorganization of the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad seems to have been accomplished by Newman Erb and his associates. More than the necessary 75 per cent of stockholders has agreed to a plan imposing an assessment of \$20 a share. The formal ratification of the reorganization plans is to be made at the annual meeting, May 15. The assessment plan provides for \$4,530,200 new money.

Armour & Co. have sold to a syndicate headed by the National City Bank of New York and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. \$20,000,000 4½ per cent real estate first mortgage bonds, due June 1, 1930. This sale closes the first real estate mortgage made by Armour & Co. a few years ago. The authorized issue was \$50,000,000 and there was already outstanding at the time of this sale, \$30,000,000 of these bonds.

Another advance in pay, ranging from 5 to 10 per cent, is to be made by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey to all employes at its various refineries. The advance is voluntary and follows a similar one recently announced.

International Harvester Company of New Jersey has declared its regular quarterly dividend of 1¾ per cent on the preferred stock, payable June 1. International Harvester Corporation on the same date will pay a dividend of the same amount.

GENERAL INSURANCE NEWS

NEXT Wednesday evening a general meeting of all insurance agents and brokers of Los Angeles, in all lines, life, fire and casualty, is to be held in Choral Hall, Temple Auditorium, for the purpose of arousing interest in the State Insurance Federation, an organization formed to resist the encroachment of state insurance upon private business. J. R. Malony of San Francisco, state president, will attend and outline the objects of the body. The insurance men are particularly active just at this time as they wish to form a strong organization before the next election. A meeting to consider the federation movement was held by the Los Angeles Fire Underwriters' Association Tuesday evening of this week in Blanchard Hall, when addresses were made by W. P. Battelle, I. O. Levy and J. L. Van Norman. Twenty-one applications for membership in the federation were received.

May 12 the annual convention of the California State Association of Local Fire Insurance Agents will open in San Diego, to continue until Saturday evening. San Diego insurance men have shown an enthusiastic interest in the convention, Herbert N. Neale, the San Diego member of the state executive committee being particularly active in making arrangements for the entertainment of delegates.

Fire Chief Eley of Los Angeles has prepared budget estimates for the local fire department for the fiscal year beginning July 1. He asks \$1,612,364, approximately \$700,000 more than the appropriation for the year which will end June 30. For salaries of men at present employed Eley asks \$760,345; for the ten companies now out of commission because of lack of funds, \$153,680; and for additional men needed under the two-platoon system, \$85,453. Among the other large items are \$120,000 for a fire boat in the harbor district; \$253,000 for new equipment; \$112,546 for maintenance of equipment; \$82,7000 for new fire-houses; \$35,850 for purchase of

Fairchild Gilmore Wilton Co.

Paving Contractors
394-6-8 Pacific Electric Bldg, Los Angeles, Cal.
Exempt from State, County, City and Income Taxes. In buying from us you buy direct from the owner of the bonds.

Lieut. Bryan, U.S.N. stated before the Am. Soc. of Naval Engineers: "Oils made from the asphalt-base crudes have shown themselves to be much better adapted to motor cylinders, as far as their carbon-forming proclivities are concerned, than are paraffine-base Pennsylvania oils."

Zerolene is scientifically refined from selected California crude—asphalt-base. Highest competitive awards, San Francisco and San Diego Expositions. For sale by dealers everywhere and at service stations and agencies of the Standard Oil Company.

YOU WILL AGREE

People differ on many subjects but in selecting a savings bank all will agree on

The oldest and largest in the City.

One which has been under the same management from its organization.

One whose directors have lived in the community upwards of half a century.

One which pays the highest rate of interest consistent with safe and conservative banking.

One whose service is helpful and courteous.

And that accounts for the 96,000 depositors in the Security. Let us help you too.

SECURITY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

Savings Commercial Trust

Oldest and Largest Savings Bank in the Southwest

Resources over \$48,000,000

SECURITY BUILDING Fifth and Spring

EQUITABLE BRANCH First and Spring

Investment Building

Broadway at Eighth St.



OFFICES FOR RENT

Single or en suite

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353 S. HILL ST.
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FOR
REAL ESTATE—RENTALS
LOANS & INSURANCE**

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
April 24, 1916.

Non-Coal 016745
Notice is hereby given that Chauncey E. Hubbell, of El Venado P. O., via Santa Monica, Calif., who, on October 28, 1912, made homestead entry, No. 016745, for N½ SW¼, SE¼ SW¼, SW¼ SE¼, Section 20, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9 a. m., on the 9th day of June, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: Earl Robbins, Carl Ostrom, David B. Parten, J. W. F. Diss, all of El Venado, Calif.

JOHN W. ROCHE. Register.

No withdrawals.

United States
Administration refuses Carranza's demand, made through Gen. Obregon, that United States troops leave Mexico at once.

Clarke amendment proposing independence for Philippines within four years is defeated in the house.

Methodist general conference begins at Saratoga.

Foreign
Last of Irish rebels in Dublin surrender.

Leaders are executed.

French claim important gains in fighting before Verdun.

Continued German aerial raids on England.

California's International Exposition

An education—a place of beauty, art and culture.

From an artistic stand point the San Diego Exposition out rivals all previous attempts at exposition building.

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334 S. Spring St.
Phone any time day or night—60941—Main 738
Santa Fe Station A5130
Main 8225



ANNUAL STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL AND PRODUCTS PAGEANT GARDENA SATURDAY MAY 6th

The Gardena-Moneta-Bridgedale District is the leader in the production of Strawberries and this annual festival is a demonstration of more than unusual size of their great product.

Free Berries for All Visitors
Great Auto Race
REACH GARDENA QUICKLY VIA
PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY



If You
Cannot Call,
Telephone

To the ticket agent at 501 So. Spring St., Main 8908—Home 10031 and ask for full particulars about going East in the Los Angeles Limited and Pacific Limited trains. They run solid to Chicago via Salt Lake Route and Union Pacific and afford all home comforts, and then some.

Round trip low fares to Chicago, etc., commence June 1st.

Ask the ticket men about them.

SALT LAKE ROUTE and UNION PACIFIC

"Safety First"

Do not try to cross in front of a moving car. Its speed may be greater than you estimate it and there is always a possibility of your falling.

Los Angeles Railway

Vacation Suggestions 1916

SAN FRANCISCO and OAKLAND—
Where Occident and Orient meet.

SANTA BARBARA—
The Mission City.

PASO ROBLES HOT SPRINGS—
For health, recreation and rest.

DEL MONTE and MONTEREY—
On the Blue Bay of Monterey.

SANTA CRUZ—
Where the water's salt and the wind blows cool.

OWEN'S VALLEY POINTS—
Home of the Golden Trout.

HUNTINGTON LAKE—
A modern Resort Hotel in the High Sierras.

KINGS and KERN RIVERS CANYONS—
For those who like roughing it in the wilds.

YOSEMITE—
One of the wonders of the world.

LAKE TAHOE—
Combining the charm of the wilderness with all the comforts of civilization.

SHASTA RESORTS—
Pleasure places set amid wild crags.

KLAMATH LAKE and CRATER LAKE—
Land of pine, fir and big game.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST and CANADIAN ROCKIES—
The Land that Lures.

YELLOWSTONE PARK—
"Wonder Land" where geysers gush.

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK—
On the backbone of the continent.

Excursion tickets will be sold daily with three months' limit—

Also, Fridays and Saturdays with fifteen-day limit—
Liberal stopovers on long-limit tickets.

SEE AGENTS

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

*Southern Pacific Service
the Standard*

CLEARING HOUSE BANKS

NAME

W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,000,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.

A. J. WATERS, President.
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus \$500,000;
Undivided Profits, \$235,441.61.

GEORGE CHAFFEY, President.
GEORGE A. J. HOWARD, Cashier.
Capital, \$325,000.00.
Surplus and Profits, \$35,250.00.

J. E. FISHBURN, President.
H. S. MCKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.00; Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

W. A. BONYNGE, President.
MALCOME CROWE, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000; Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and
Profits, \$2,502,664; Deposits
\$20,000,000.

I. W. HELLMAN, President.
V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

TO CORONADO BEACH

A few hours' scenic ride by train, steamship or automobile

HOTEL DEL CORONADO American Plan
Golf, Tennis, Motoring, Fishing

Bay and Surf Bathing

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H. F. Norcross, Agent, 334 So. Spring St.

Blanchard Hall Studio Bldg.
Devoted exclusively to Music, Art and Science. Studios and Halls for all purposes for rent. Largest Studio Building in the West. For terms and all information apply to F. W. BLANCHARD
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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FOR RENT

Well lighted and quiet studios in the GAMUT CLUB BUILDING. Especially attractive quarters offered for Musicians and Artists. For terms, etc., apply to the manager.
1044 SOUTH HOPE STREET

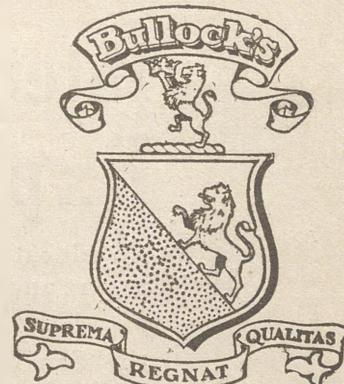
OUTING COMFORTS FOR AUTOISTS



—Many articles—some quite inexpensive—that will add wonderfully to your comforts in touring or camping.

—And now—right at the start of the season is the time to get them.

—And Bullock's is the place.



It's Duster Coat Time

—A good linene duster coat need not cost you over \$1.50 at Bullock's. Cut large enough for comfort and has close-fitting collar. Very light in weight but of sufficiently close weave to keep the dust from your clothing—\$1.50. A little better coat of light gray—\$1.75. Dark gray duster coats at \$2.50—tan, herring bone striped at \$2.75, and others up to \$9.

Auto Supply Section, 1st floor.

Short Driving Gloves \$1.75

—Tan gloves made of a specially tanned leather that is very soft and pliable and so prepared that it may be washed with soap and water and not stiffen. Fitted with wrist bands.

—Others of gray leather with cloth backs—very comfortable in warm weather—\$1.75.

Auto Supply Section, 1st floor.

Folding Auto Chairs \$2.25

—Frame made of round steel, black enameled—fitted with padded seat and back. Very durable and comfortable considering that they are made to fold into very compact size—\$2.25.

Auto Supply Section, 1st floor.

Autoists' Back Cushions \$1.75

—Soft, floss filled cushions, made so they can be moved up or down on the retaining strap so as to support the back most comfortably. Circular in shape and can be revolved so as to distribute the wear and retain original thickness—\$1.75. Other cushions of imitation leather made to order for those who wish special comfort or back support.

Auto Supply Section, 1st floor.

Canvas Funnel Bucket for \$1

—Made of heavy, brown, waterproof canvas—shaped like a funnel and fitted with a handle. Collapses into a very small thin package. Very handy to fill auto radiator when touring. \$1.00.

Auto Supply Section, 1st floor.

Inexpensive Camp Comforts

—Articles that add much to the enjoyment of an outing.

Telescope Tables \$3.75

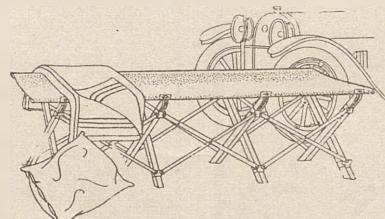
—Made of 3-ply hardwood veneer—will not crack or warp—
—26x38 inches when open—
—5x7x36 inches when folded—
\$3.75.

Folding Sheet Iron Camp Stoves

—Complete with canvas cover—\$2.25.
—Folding oven, with shelf—\$1.50.
—Camp Grids—9x14 ins., 50c; 14x18 ins., \$1.00; 15x20 ins., \$1.75.
—Kerosene Stoves in various styles, some in metal box—\$3.50, \$5.00, \$6.50 to \$10.00.

Miscellaneous

—Men's canvas leggings \$1.00.
—Men's canvas puttees, \$1.50
—Women's canvas leggings, 85c.
—Leather puttees, black, tan or russet, \$2.50 and \$3.50.
—Shoulder bags, 75c, \$1, \$1.25.
—Women's knapsacks, \$1.50.
—Aluminum canteens, \$1.50 and \$2.00.
—Galvanized canteens—2 qt. 75c; 4 qt. 85c; 6 qt. \$1.00; 8 qt. \$1.25.
—U. S. canteens, 3 pt. size, 85c.
—Sporting Goods Section, 4th Floor.



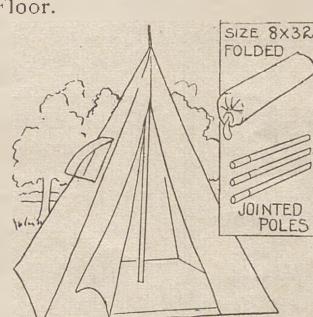
Telescope Cot \$3

—A comfortable cot that folds so compactly that it is easily carried in the auto. 30 inches wide, 72 inches long and weighs only 15 pounds. Frame of select hardwood with enameled steel side braces and covered with strong khaki colored canvas; all parts riveted and bolted; automatically adjusts itself to unevenness in the ground. Unquestionably the ideal cot to take on an outing trip. \$3.00.
—Sporting Goods section, 4th Floor.



Sportsmen's Tents \$15

—A boon to campers, hunters, motorists and all who enjoy outdoor life—7 ft. high, 5½ ft. wide at top and 10 ft. at bottom—Furnished with blue duck bag for carrying purposes (7x40 inches). Can be put up or taken down in two or three minutes—Side curtains open both front and back—attached with snap fasteners—Brown duck covered, \$15.00.
—Sporting Goods Section, 4th Floor.



Auto Tents \$10

—Made of khaki duck with canvas floor sewed in. 6 inch sod cloth in front to keep out bugs and snakes. Side windows for ventilation. Can be suspended from branch of tree or used with the jointed pole which is furnished—whole outfit when rolled measures only 8x32 inches, \$10. Sporting Goods Section, 4th Floor.

Bullock's
Los Angeles

California Water Bags

1 gal. size \$1, 2½ gals. \$1.50, 5 gals. \$2.50

—No touring equipment is complete without a water bag for carrying water and they have an important place in camping. The water will be kept cool for drinking and in an emergency you will have a water supply for the radiator. Note Bullock's prices.

Auto Supply Section, 1st floor.

"Basline Autowline" \$3.50

—A tow line of flexible steel cable with hooks and rope straps to attach to car. Rolls up into such a small flat bundle that it can be carried under the auto cushion. Strong enough to pull the heaviest car out of a bad place.

Auto Supply Section, 1st floor.

Compact Auto Goggles 50c

—Amber colored, celluloid goggles that fold into a flat compact case that takes up so little room you can carry it in your coat pocket or drop it into the pocket of the machine. 50c.

Auto Supply Section, 1st floor.

Fitted Auto Baskets

—We believe we have assembled the largest and most varied assortment of fitted auto baskets in Los Angeles if not on the coast.

—Baskets that are both handsome and durable—and fitted with practical accessories for the picnic lunch.

—Baskets holding fittings for 2 to 7 people. Some even having ice-carrying compartment. Others open into tables with legs.

—Prices range from \$10 to \$55.

Auto Supply Section, 1st floor.



Take "Thermos" Bottles

—Nothing adds to the pleasure of your auto trip, hikes or other away-from-home expeditions like a home-prepared beverage at the right temperature. Carry a Thermos bottle—you'll always be glad to have such a convenience.

Bullock's Vacuum Bottles \$1.50

—Quart size—black enameled case. Keeps hot liquids hot or cold liquids cold. \$1.50.

Dust Robes \$1.25

—These light linen colored robes are ideal to use on days when heavier robes would be too warm. Plaid linen with hemstitched ends. \$1.25. Others of natural linen color with hemstitched ends. \$1.50.

Silk Caps \$1.00

—For the autoist or camper—to use on hikes, fishing trips and picnics because they are so light, comfortable and cool. They have a large visor to shade the eyes from the sun's glare. \$1.00.

Auto Supply Section, 1st floor.